

THE RAMBLER.

VOL. IX. *New Series.*

JUNE 1858.

PART LIV.

INDIA FOR EXETER HALL.

“SET a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil,” is the pointed proverbial expression of a well-known and important truth. Shakespeare, on the other hand, puts the same thing in a somewhat different, but not less memorable way :

“Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence ;—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.”

Such is the present attitude of that singular phase of human opinion to which a good-natured public has affixed the title of “Evangelicalism.” Truly it is a comfortable thing to belong to the “unco godly” in these days of ours. We are old enough to remember the days when it was not so. Thirty or forty years ago it was enough to blight a man's good name in the world if it was whispered of him that he was “a saint,” or “methodistical,” or loved the singing of “hymns,” or talked about “conversion,” or sat under somebody who preached “the gospel.” It was worse than the suspicion of Popery now-a-days. Every man who was, or thought himself, a gentleman shrank instinctively from the contamination of opinions, which as being semi-dissenting were low, as being puritanical were gloomy, and as being fanatical were opposed to the well-ordering of society and government. In those ancient times but one Anglican prelate was supposed to be tainted with the opinions of the sect. A special providence having made Dr. Ryder brother to Lord Harrowby, he had the luck to be elevated to the bench by a ministerial *coup-*

d'état; to the never-ceasing annoyance of the high-church George III. and the anti-low-church Lord Eldon.

But look abroad upon the face of Anglican England to-day, and behold the change. Year after year has Establishmentarian Lutheranism been surging upwards to the high places of the land. By dint of sheer dogmatism of assertion, this quaint and unreasoning sect has actually talked itself into power, to an extent enough to make old Lord Eldon's bones shudder in their resting-place. The rise of Evangelicalism we take to be a most pregnant illustration of the truth of the opinion, that if a man will but continue for a good length of time to sound his own praises before his generation, a large number of disciples will inevitably come at last to believe in him. "We alone are converted characters," said the initiated into the anti-Jacobean gospel; "we alone love God; we alone are influenced by the Spirit of God; we alone have broken with the world that lieth in wickedness. As for you, the rest, you are an unclean generation; you have rejected the covenant of mercy, you don't know what it is to be sinners, you depend on good works, those filthy rags, for your salvation; and therefore you will all infallibly be tormented for ever in hell, and we shall rejoice in your agonies."

Marvellous, truly, is the power of brass in this world. What an odd, and unaccountable, and humiliating thing it is, that men gifted with the reasoning faculty, and perfectly able to discriminate between bold assertion and real proof in secular things, should allow themselves to be overpowered by the mere force of confident, reiterated, unproved statements in religious matters! Here has been a sect, with nothing at all to recommend it to men's taste, or interest, or learning, or early habits,—associated with ideas of dismal faces, lanky hair, ill-made and unbrushed clothes, ugly meeting-houses, vulgar sermons, and caricatures of prayer, and consisting in substance of doctrines directly violating the first principles of natural morals; nevertheless winning its way to the cloisters of Oxford and Cambridge, to the drawing-rooms of Belgravia and May-Fair, to the bench of Bishops, to the House of Lords, to the ministerial cabinet, and almost to the very throne itself. So shall you be listening to some concord of sweet sounds, proceeding from tuneful flutes and violins, from clarinet and hautboy, and all the other members of orchestral harmony, when suddenly the brass-band of some wandering showman shall burst in upon your ears with ear-splitting blast, enough—not to "create a soul beneath the ribs of death," but—to make the very walls shake and the

windows rattle, and to destroy all musical sounds and all peace of spirit together. Such has been the vanquishment of the powers of reason and the instincts of good feeling, before the mere reiteration of those dogmas which have been well described as the "glad tidings of damnation to every body except oneself."

"Evangelicalism" having thus won its way into the sunny places of prosperity, has naturally proceeded to play those antics which the great poet tells us might make the very angels weep. When its coryphæus could rise from the dining-table of a prime minister, and go straight to preside over the mysteries of Exeter Hall, what might not be hoped for the progress of "religion" in India? Why should a religious party strong enough to seat its representatives on episcopal sees at home stand timidly aloof at a moment of crisis, and abstain from at any rate *asking* to have that giant land handed over to it for a possession? The United States want Cuba; France wants the Rhenish provinces; England, France, Russia, and Austria, want Turkey; every body wants something; why should not Exeter Hall want India? With an evangelical earl, step-son-in-law to an ex-premier, why should not every body who considers himself one of the elect push forward his claims before parliament, in the hope that money would somehow or other be forthcoming to find a comfortable semi-spiritual berth for himself or his connections in that blighted land of Hindoos and Mahometans? With the country still wroth with the rebellious sepoy, and hardly yet persuaded that five-sixths of the stories of sepoy mutilations and violations are figments, was it not still possible that the great English nation might be induced to "do something for Christianity in India"? Is not the earth given over, by divine ordinance, as a possession to the saints?

. But our modern Puritans are an enfeebled race. They are not like their forefathers, who buckled on their buff jerkins, and drew their mighty swords, in order to win the earth as a possession. Shaftesbury and his deputations are hardly worthy successors of Cromwell and his Ironsides. It was a give-and-take affair in those days; but now it is all in the receiving way, and that not the receiving of blows. It is government favour, government titles, government salaries, government residences, which the Praise-God-Barebones of the nineteenth century demands. They wot not of drawing the "sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" for a sword they draw a pen; and in place of shedding their own blood, if need be, they shed only the black streams of the ink-bottle.

Accordingly, the societies who recently presented their

notable joint petition to the House of Lords were but acting out the spirit which vivifies them, when modestly disclaiming all demands for government aid, they did that which had no meaning at all except on the supposition that government aid should be granted. It was a fit inauguration for the month of May. Many a lack-lustre eye must have beamed with something approaching to brightness when Exeter Hall heard that a petition in favour of "the gospel" had been at any rate civilly received in the House of Lords, and that Lord Ellenborough had only displayed a very small portion of the contempt he felt for the importunate Shaftesbury and his disciples. How many societies must have expressed their "deep thankfulness" from that sacred platform in the Strand; and how many ancient females, both in masculine and feminine garments, must have emitted that peculiar sound half-way between a chuckle and a sigh, which is, we believe, considered appropriate on such occasions as we speak of! Represented by that petition, there was the Church Missionary Society, the Moravian Missionary Society, the Prayer-Book and Homily Society, the Naval and Military Bible Society, besides Wesleyan, Independent, and Baptist Societies, disagreeing in all sorts of minor details, but all united in their notions of what they consider "the gospel." That respectable old Sober-sides, the Christian Knowledge Society, and its very correct and proper *confrère* the Propagation of the Gospel Society, of course took no part in the petition. They would as soon have thought of fraternising with Cardinal Wiseman as with the hodge-podge of associations whose names we have just set down. Largely as the "evangelical" creed has spread itself over the country, it has still, we understand, found no entrance as a motive power into these two old-fashioned bodies; and so far as it exists among them, it is so considerably diluted as to have lost almost all its distinctive character. It was therefore the pure undefiled creed of the low church and dissenting parties which had the effrontery to present this petition to the Lords, and against whose insidious advances every well-wisher of his country and every lover of peace ought to be continually on his guard. True it is that the petition received no encouragement whatsoever from the House; on the contrary, it was favoured with a very decided snub on the part of Lord Ellenborough, who, we can well imagine, is not a man to look with patience upon the vagaries of unreasoning fanaticism. Nor are we in any fear that the Lords, or the Commons either, would ever with their eyes open give any practical countenance to the efforts of Lord Shaftesbury and his sect. "Evangelicalism" is a creed which can never command the

sympathies of a majority of men of the world, of position, wealth, and average good sense and acuteness. With all the noise which this system has made in the country during the last generation or two, it is still the creed of a small minority taken numerically. It used to be calculated, that of all the fifteen thousand Anglican clergy, not two thousand, by the estimate of the Lutheran party itself, "preached the gospel." It is by sheer force of lungs and boundless self-assertion that the sect has succeeded in making itself a sort of representative of English Protestantism, which, intensely Protestant as it is, is not usually of the evangelical type.

Lord Shaftesbury, indeed, had the unparalleled coolness to assert that this petition represented the opinions of "the various religious bodies in England." Can the force of impudence any farther go? Were the Catholics there represented? or are they nonentities? or are they not a "religious body"? Was the old-fashioned school and vast majority of Anglicanism represented, or have they dwindled down to a mere handful, or ceased to be a "religious body" too? The expression was the natural language of the noble earl's narrowness and bigotry. In his mind not even Protestants can form a "religious body" unless they use his Shibboleth; and as to the poor Papists, how can a man have "any religion" worth the name who prays to the Virgin Mary and kisses the Pope's slipper,—or, as it is popularly imagined, the Pope's toe?

If it be urged that this same creed, in its original Lutheran shape, exerted a tremendous sway over whole nations at the time of the Reformation, we reply that no man who is not led away by words can imagine that the millions who followed Luther were universally or nationally zealous for any thing like a distinct theological creed of any sort whatsoever. Their bond of union was antagonism to Rome; they abominated the Pope, and included in their abhorrence a variety of doctrines and practices associated with the Pope; still more, they hated the clergy, whether for the vices of some of them, or for that most cogent of all reasons, that the clergy were in possession of vast wealth, which would form a most agreeable addition to the property of their adversaries. As for the doctrine of "justification by faith alone," as the gospel of Jesus Christ to fallen man, the enormous majority cared not a rush for it as a theological dogma. They patronised Luther and Lutheranism, and made use of the more ardent maintainers of the doctrine, just as Lord Palmerston has been patronising Lord Shaftesbury and Exeter Hall, and making use of the *Record* newspaper, simply as instruments for enabling himself to hold the office of Prime Minister of England.

We have therefore no fear that this unreasoning school will ever command the *bond-fide* adherence of a practical majority of Englishmen. But there is no saying what mischief can be done by a reckless, determined, unblushing minority, however small, who will persevere in their demands, and who are themselves insensible alike to ridicule and to reflection. It is in the dullness as well as the conceit of this class of men that we detect a proof of the possibility of their compromising this country in a territory so peculiarly constituted as that of India. You can't reason with them; you can't point out to them the mischiefs they will do; you can't appeal to the usual elements of common sense and modesty in their bosoms. Whatever you say, they have one infallible answer *to satisfy themselves*, namely, the conviction that you are an ungodly unconverted personage, untaught by the Spirit of God. Assuming this, they are of course perfectly unassailable by argument; and the more unpleasantly you make them conscious of the fact that they are talking nonsense, the more delightful is the conviction with which they reflect that the wisdom of God is foolishness with man.

Accordingly, let us not imagine that the ultra-Protestant party may be despised, only because they have recently received one or two sharp rebuffs. If they can, they will gain a firmer footing in India than they have yet lighted upon; and if they do gain it, we may be assured that no sense of propriety or of modesty, and no fear of consequences, will prevent them from doing all in their power to set India once more in flames. We do not for an instant reproach them with intending so frightful a result; nor, in one sense, do we mean that they are reckless as to consequences; so far from it, we suspect them of being considerably of the nature of arrant cowards, and believe that if they thought they would suffer for it in their persons or their purses, they would, *as a class*, put their creed into their pocket for the rest of their natural lives. It is because they cannot see that frightful consequences must result from their proceedings that they are so reckless. So profound is their persuasion that they alone are right, and that God is on their side, that they hold it dishonourable to God and to His truth to imagine that evil consequences *can* follow from the proceedings of "faithful" men like themselves. They will bore you, and worry you, and watch you, and take advantage of your negligence, with all the perseverance of a self-satisfied religionist. And then, if they once begin their "preaching of the gospel" on a grand scale, woe betide the prosperity of our rule in that mighty empire.

Do we, then, ask for legislative interference to prevent the propagation of Evangelicalism in our Indian possessions? Not for one single instant. We ask only for the maintenance of the system on which the East-India Company has at any rate professed to act, and insist that the Government shall lend no support to any denomination whatsoever in its efforts to convert the natives. Whatever be a man's views as to the abstract duty of governments in relation to religion, it is certain, that if there is any thing which will *prevent* the spread of Christianity in India, whether of that which really *is* Christianity or that which pretends to be, it will be the associating it with the idea of government influence. The Hindoo and Mahometan mind is sensitive to the suspicion of a forced change in religion, to a degree scarcely conceivable by those who deride Hindooism and Mahometanism as superstitions. It is always difficult to realise the tenacity with which individuals and nations cling to a religion which we ourselves hold to be false. It is only by an effort of which few are capable that we can throw ourselves into their minds, and comprehend how they can hold sacred what we are convinced is baseless and absurd. But in the case of our Indian subjects, there is a unanimous consent among sensible observers, that their attachment to their religious opinions is something perfectly intense, and that all efforts at their conversion must be conducted with a degree of prudence and caution, which to the genuine "evangelical" mind appears like a distrust of God, and a disbelief in the unapproachable perfections of Christianity.

If we may speculate as to what are the probable causes of this vehement jealousy of government interference, as distinguished from mere personal bigotry and hatred of reasoning,—faults which are not generally attributed to the devotees of Brahminism, who have often almost a taste for controversy,—we should attribute it to their not having participated in the progress of European ideas, as to the difference between the secular and the spiritual powers. The English rule is the first in their history which has not been characterised by vehement and professed efforts at proselytising. The remembrance of the ferocity with which the Mahometan conquerors attempted to force their creed upon the vanquished, even yet constitutes an important element of antagonism between the adverse races. Fixed and unchanging as have been their doctrines and habits for generations after generations, there has been none of that advance in philosophical analysis of the rights and duties of man, which has produced the modern ideas on religious toleration in Europe and America. It is,

therefore, only by the extremest care that we can prevent the Orientals from imagining that we *must* be forcible proselytisers. We have to accomplish the almost impossible task of practically "proving a negative." But if India is to be governed, this must be proved; while if these low-church and dissenting societies have their own way, we shall speedily prove diametrically the reverse.

The societies, it is true, begin their petition by disclaiming any desire for government support; but then they go on to ask what is precisely the same thing in other words. Couched in a vague phraseology, they proclaim the principle of war to the creeds of the conquered. Of course such men hardly know the consequences of their statements; and as for logical inconsistency, they are no more troubled by it than is a schoolmaster's belief in mathematics shaken when his pupils cannot master the multiplication table. Their *meaning* is to be detected in their "cordially approving the late change made with regard to the law of inheritance;" in their requiring that "caste shall not be recognised in public proceedings;" and in their demanding that "the Government shall be instructed to put down all practices abhorrent to humanity, and suppress all exhibitions of every kind dangerous and offensive to public morals."

How far these approved and required movements on the part of the Government are consistent with the religious toleration the petitioners profess, may be ascertained by certain matters at home, which present precise parallels to these details in Hindooism. The interference with the Hindoo law of inheritance is identical in principle with that old English penal law which forbids a Catholic from bequeathing money for masses for his soul; the non-recognising of caste would be equivalent to the abrogation of the present exemption of all the clergy, of all "denominations," from serving on juries and in the militia; while the forbidding Catholic priests to hear confessions in churches would be a logical consequence, in the eyes of ultra-Protestantism, of the principle set forth in the last demand we have specified.

The great fact, which these petitioners cannot comprehend, is this,—that Hindooism, as a creed, is the very foundation of the social system among its adherents. You cannot by any possibility separate the secular and the spiritual in India, as you can in Europe. Ask a Catholic, or even a moderately high-church Anglican, what would be his feelings if the Government refused to recognise the ordination vows of the Catholic or Anglican clergy, and compelled them to wear arms and go out to fight like laymen. Would any man in

his senses imagine that by such a course he would conciliate the feelings of Catholic, or Puseyite, or high Churchman? These "evangelical" societies, no doubt, entertain no more respect for the ordination of Catholic priests than they do for the castes of Brahminism. They think that the Reverend Obadiah Holdforth, who charms away the tedium of shoe-making on week-days by the prospect of preaching two or three mortal hours on the following Sunday, is as good a successor of the Apostles as any body ever ordained by a Bishop. But if they want to know what the Hindoos would think of this proposed government disregard of caste, let them despatch Lord Shaftesbury himself to Oxford and Rome, with a request that Dr. Wilberforce and Pius IX. would allow their inspired cobbler, or even that respectable earl himself, to "preach the gospel" from the University pulpit, and from the altar-steps of St. John Lateran.

As to the actual "conversions" which the propagation of Evangelicalism would effect in India by the mere instruments of talking and preaching, there is little fear of Luther's gaining many disciples in that far-off land. A very brief sketch of the rationale of "conversion" here at home, and of the phenomena of Oriental creeds, will suffice to show the futility of the hopes of these ardent societies. The circumstances of the two countries are so entirely dissimilar, that nothing but that uninformed assumption of success, which is the characteristic of self-constituted infallibility, could ever have overlooked the contrast they present.

Here in England the "evangelical" nostrum is tried indiscriminately upon a vast number of individuals, who are all, to a certain extent, prepared to agree with the propounders of its efficacy. A preacher has a congregation before him who already, as a nearly universal rule, acquiesce in the belief with which he starts, namely, that Christianity is a true religion. With very few exceptions, the audiences of the evangelical ministers, and the readers of evangelical publications, are persons whose historical, philosophical, and theological acquirements are at a very low ebb; while, for the most part, they have no such acquirements whatsoever. Consequently there is an entire absence of resistance of an intellectual kind. Nobody says, "Who are you that talk to me in this way about my soul, and tell me I shall certainly be damned unless I feel just what you feel? Where are your credentials? What evidence is there for the truth of your statements? How do you get over this and that violation of the first principles of morals and common sense?" Both speaker and hearer start with that important element in ultimate agree-

ment, a similarity of phraseology, and no great contradictions in their notions of right and wrong. For the peculiarities of phrase which distinguish the different classes of Christians from one another, it should be noted, consist in little more than this, that each class happens to dislike the popular use of some few terms, not as being inappropriate or false in themselves, but as being the cant and the watchwords of those whose views they dislike or condemn. The only intellectual process, therefore, to be accomplished in "converting" a sinner, after the fashion of the Evangelicals, is the gradual substitution of one shade of meaning in place of another in the terms recognised as Christian by both parties; and this is done by the very simple method of positive and repeated assertion. And though it is true, that it is only by a stretch of terms that vast numbers of Englishmen can be said to be Christians in any real sense of the word, yet it is equally true that they have no *other* creed than Christianity to close the door to the statements of the "awakening" school of preachers.

The whole affair, then, becomes simply one of emotion. With all the apparatus of sincere rhetoric, men and women are frightened into a belief that it is a fact that they are born heirs of hell, and that the only way of avoiding eternal torments is to begin by *feeling* that they are going to be damned, and by *feeling* that God cannot possibly forgive their sins except by transferring them to an atoning Mediator; and finally, by feeling again that as they individually have completed the first part of the condition, they actually have their sins thus transferred, and are sure of heaven on the express word of God. The whole, of course, is strengthened with frequent texts from Scripture, which it is confidently assumed have the meaning attributed to them; this assumption being bolstered up with the astounding assertion, that those who attribute another meaning to them are blinded through love of the world, and have not had their eyes opened by the influence of the Spirit of God. It is a question of feeling from beginning to end. If a man is confident that, however great his guilt, simple repentance and an appeal to the eternal goodness of God will insure him acceptance, he is necessarily impervious to the whole Lutheran theory as to "justification by faith alone." Or if his temperament is genial, jovial, charitable, and keenly alive to the ludicrous, his indisposition to the *tone* of evangelicalism is proportionately strong. And then, if the hearer will not be brought round, the only resource of the preacher is an anathema, and a statement that his blindness is the result of hardness of heart.

But now carry this system into the midst of a nation of Hindoos and Mahometans; and see the dismay of the traveling prophet when the first things his hearers ask him for are his credentials, and the proofs that he is right and *they are wrong*. Your "gospel-preacher" is not at all used to that kind of treatment in Christian England. He feels it is too bad. To be asked not only to establish the truth of his own views, but to disprove the truth of his adversaries', is really a thing that shows in an awful light the "wickedness of the human heart." Only imagine a dark fellow in a turban and white clothes presuming to call for a historical disproof of the mission of Mahomet, that *well-known* impostor! Think of a man who believes in caste and in sacred cows challenging a European (!) to a dispute in metaphysics, and defying our poor missionary to show that Brahminism has not as much to say for itself as the new religion imported from the land of the white-faces. Imagine the blankness of countenance with which he sees his stock-array of commonplaces quietly pooh-poohed as being nothing to the purpose, till the whole domain of history has been ransacked, the foundations of human knowledge searched to the bottom, and lastly, the identity of the evangelical interpretation of Christianity with that of the original founders of Christianity not only asserted but proved! Of course, our unfortunate countryman has his own consolation, so far as his peace of mind is concerned. All this argument is the work of the devil, and shows that the Brahmin or the Mahometan is not "under the influence of the Holy Spirit." This comfortable view is also forthwith embodied in letters to friends at home, with requests that "real Christians" will not cease to importune "the throne of all grace for a large effusion of the Holy Spirit on these idolatrous lands;" a request immediately complied with in the shape of a society's report and some speeches from a platform. But the facts remain the same for the instruction of the observer. The preacher's labours are thrown away, because he and his audience are at issue on first principles.

Moreover the missionary has to encounter not merely an absence of respect for Christianity, but the resistance of deeply-seated positive religious convictions, fortified with a variety of traditional observances, woven into the whole fabric of social and individual life. It cannot be too often repeated that it is a shallow philosophy which decides that because a man's creed is not true, therefore it has not a powerful hold upon him *as a religion*. Yet this is what Evangelicalism habitually assumes when it sends forth its modern apostles to "convert" India. There is every sign that the Hindoos and

Mahometans are as deeply attached to their creeds as the most zealous frequenters of May-meetings are to their notions of Christianity. People at home may interpret this attachment as they please, but the fact is the same. You could not more easily root out Brahminism and the Koran from India, than you could Protestantism and the Bible from England.

If any one wishes to see how extraordinarily difficult it is to make men, on a large scale, give up the religion in which they have been brought up, and to which, as a religion, they are attached, let him observe the process by which intelligent Protestants for the most part become Catholics. Setting aside all question as to which is really right or wrong, no candid man will hesitate to admit that, in comparison with the Established Church and the great bodies of "orthodox" dissenters, Rome can present a very formidable array of argument. To pretend that the Catholic controversialists have not made most portentous breaches in the Anglican and dissenting citadels, is to overlook the plainest facts. The controversy is in just that condition where one would anticipate a large extent of change of opinion in a body containing so much seriousness and intelligence as the better classes of English Protestantism. Yet what are the facts? Almost every conversion of a person of education and ability is effected through the instrumentality of Puseyism, in some shape or other. It is only by the slow operation of ideas introduced into the minds of Anglicans in the belief that they are in no degree inconsistent with Anglicanism, that they are ultimately led, as a rule, to carry those ideas to the length of actual Catholicism. Those principles and habits which issue in submission to Rome, in nineteen cases out of twenty were imbibed, not as Roman, but as Anglican. The same ideas presented by Catholicism itself, *as Roman*, are almost invariably rejected, as, if not odious and immoral, yet historically and theologically untenable. So strong is the tenacity with which men cling to a creed in which their fathers have educated them, and in which they have practically found a religion for themselves. Nothing tells upon the fortress but undermining it; and that undermining must be generally accomplished by the besieged themselves. With respect to the uneducated, of course the case is different; but the attachment of the uneducated classes to Protestant Christianity, as a living, practical, and satisfying creed, we take to be much weaker than that of most Hindoos and Mahometans to their several theologies. It is a *vis inertiae* which keeps millions in England what they are, together with a sort of indefinite horror of

Popery, more than any dogmatic and ceremonial attachment to their present opinions.

We have no fear, then, that Exeter Hall will obtain many disciples in our Indian possessions by the use of the means its disciples profess to employ. No doubt, if by any means they can fill a certain number of schools with little Orientals, the children may be taught to call themselves Christians, and to repeat the evangelical formulas, or any other formulas under the sun. How far they will grow up even nominally Christians, must depend on other circumstances. The mere fact of the existence of a European dominant class must insure the christianising of some small fragments of so vast a population as that of India. But that the evangelical school, which is now foremost in its demands on Government, will have the same amount of success in effecting "conversions" which has attended it in this country, we totally disbelieve. Exeter Hall is just about as much able to overthrow the Oriental religions as embodiments of dogma and practice, as a village mason would be to design and construct the Victoria Tower in the palace at Westminster. And it knows its helplessness. With all its flourishes and thanksgivings, its missionaries are too painfully conscious of their inferiority to their adversaries not to be yearning for the aid of the strong arm of power. They want to "put down" Brahminism with the sword, and to extirpate Mahometanism on the most orthodox principles of Islam itself. Happily for the country, Lord Shaftesbury is not yet President of the Board of Control, and the creed popular in the Temple of Rhetoric in the Strand is not yet that of the King, Lords, and Commons of Great Britain. Nevertheless, to every man who knows the perseverance of wrong-headed fanaticism, we say once more, Beware of Lord Shaftesbury and all his works.

BOSSUET.*

(Concluded from page 337.)

IN our last article we left the French monarch reposing on his laurels, such as they were, his ears filled with the acclamations of an obedient and timid episcopate. How little the servility of this episcopate towards Louis was ac-

* *Mémoires et Journal sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Bossuet, publiées pour la première fois d'après les manuscrits autographes, et accompagnés d'une Introduction et de Notes.* Par M. l'Abbé Guettée, Auteur de "l'Histoire de France." Paris: Didier.

accompanied with a consideration for the political rights of Frenchmen in general, and how very easy it was for men to disdain a Papal, while they maintained a Gallican infallibility, a very few years sufficed to show.

Louis, on looking over his dominions, beheld a large multitude of men, who, while they refused to obey the Pope, had the unheard-of temerity also to refuse to obey the king. Burghers, nobles, peasants, soldiers—there they were, scattered over the plains of *la belle France*, and refusing to take their religious creed from him who had as yet found none to disobey his slightest serious commands. Notwithstanding all his blandishments, and all his efforts at effecting their conversion, by the utmost stretch of legal severity, such as the law then was, the French Protestants obstinately adhered to their opinions, and presented the one single ugly fact which contradicted the king's celebrated assertion, that he himself *was* the state of France.

To have simply revoked, on secular grounds, the law by which Protestantism was tolerated in France, would have been entirely out of harmony with the usual policy of the French king. Had Talleyrand lived in those days, he would have applied to such a step his well-known saying, and told Louis that to banish the Protestants as bad subjects, would have been more than a crime, it would have been a blunder. There are limits to the power of the most despotic princes; and it is more than probable that serious murmurs would have been roused by the expulsion of crowds of her laborious and respectable citizens from the soil of France, on the mere pretence that their presence in their native country was injurious to its welfare. Besides, why should a king, blest with the most obedient of clergy, lose so favourable an opportunity of renewing the brightness of his reputation as a faithful follower of Jesus Christ, and an enemy of every thing verging on heresy? A hierarchy that would bite at a Pope, would swallow a whole legion of Huguenots at a mouthful. A second edition of St. Bartholomew, even with all "legal" sanction, would have been too absurd.

Accordingly, a measure which, by finally treading under foot the last remains of the principle that kings are not the divinely-appointed judges of religious doctrine, cleared the way for the national atheism of a hundred years after, was introduced in reply to the request of an assembly of the French clergy, professing nothing but zeal for the Catholic religion. Whatever may be our opinions on the subject of religious persecution, or on the political wisdom of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, we ought never to overlook

the impulse which the politico-spiritual tyranny of Louis XIV. communicated to the atheism even then rapidly advancing throughout Europe. Once constitute the secular power into an inspired authority on the subject of divine revelation, and the human mind speedily revolts against the very idea of God Himself, far more universally and eagerly than when rebelling against polytheism, superstition, and fanaticism. In our eyes, the mind of France did but run its natural course, when, just a century after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, it threw off all obedience, whether to the laws of God or of man.

In 1685 the Assembly of the Clergy formally called upon Louis to extirpate Protestantism from France. Harlai, the Archbishop of Paris, one of the king's most subservient creatures, presented the request in the month of August, and in October the royal mandate went forth, and was followed by a crowd of additional decrees, by which the Protestants were stripped of all the civil rights secured them at Nantes; half of the property of refugees was given to informers; the children of Protestants, between the ages of five and sixteen, were taken from their parents and handed over to Catholic relations or hospitals; widows were forbidden to dispose of their property; and such as had given tokens of incipient conversion, and yet refused the sacraments when seriously ill, were consigned to the galleys on their recovery.

In the assembly which called on the king to revoke the famous edict Bossuet took no part; and it is not unlikely that he personally contributed to soften the rigour of the terrible persecution which followed. He distinctly, however, approved of the act of revocation. A letter written by him to one of the refugees, and quoted in the volumes before us, places his opinions in the clearest light.

"I have seen," he says, "in a letter you have written to Mademoiselle de V., that the true Church does not persecute. What do you understand by that, sir? Do you understand that the Church by herself never employs force? That is very true, since the Church has only spiritual arms. Do you understand that princes who are children of the Church ought never to employ the sword, which God has put into their hands to destroy her enemies? Would you dare to say this against the opinion of your own doctors, who have maintained, in so many writings, that the Genevan republic had the right lawfully to condemn her Servetus to be burnt, for having denied the divinity of the Son of God? Besides, without employing the examples and authority of your doctors, tell me in what place of the Scripture heretics and

schismatics are excepted from the number of those evil-doers against whom God Himself has armed princes? And since you will not allow Christian princes to avenge such great crimes, because they are committed against God, may they not punish them because they produce trouble and sedition in states?"

On this the Abbé Guettée remarks, that Bossuet here makes the temporal power the judge in matters of religion; and endeavours to explain the error in so great a man, by the fact that the highest genius is human after all. In carrying out his principles in connection with his amiability and religious feelings, he certainly was put to some straits. He maintained a strenuous controversy with the Bishops of Languedoc against the utility of the measures they adopted to force the Protestants actually to come to Mass; asserting that it was injurious to the holy mysteries to compel people to attend them who disbelieved in their validity. At the same time he wrote to Basville: "I agree without difficulty to the right of sovereigns to force their erring subjects to the true worship under certain penalties." So that he held that kings have a right to compel people to do that which is in itself insulting to God! Such are the inconsistencies of those who once admit the power of the state to judge in religion.

In his own diocese Bossuet ever leant to the more mild and rational method; and while the atrocious *dragonnades* made certain nominal Catholics, he undoubtedly effected many conscientious conversions. The Protestant minister Du Bourdieu bears a striking testimony to the conspicuous gentleness of Bossuet's method in these matters.

"I tell you candidly," he writes to a Protestant friend, "that the honourable and Christian conduct by which M. de Meaux is distinguished from his *confrères*, has much contributed to conquer the repugnance I have for every thing called disputing. For, if you will observe, this prelate only employs the ways of the Gospel to persuade us to his religion. He preaches, he writes books, he writes letters, and labours to make us give up our belief, by means suitable to his character, and to the spirit of Christianity. We ought, therefore, to be grateful for the charitable cares of this great prelate, and examine his works without prejudice, as coming from a heart which loves us and desires our salvation. Thus, the straightforward and pure intentions of this great man, joined to the esteem in which I hold your favours, have determined me to send you the reflections I have made on the letter you have sent me."

Long before these disputes and their practical consequences

had died away, the materials for a fresh conflict, this time within the Church, were speedily gathering together. Fresh combinations were about to take place, and the places of the actors in the former scenes were to be partially modified, but only to display the personal influence and energy of Bossuet in a more striking light than ever. To the last the antagonism between the Jesuits and Bossuet remained intense. Their union with him in the matter of the Gallican articles, and in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, never softened the asperity with which he from time to time expressed himself as to their morals. But now, in the matter of Fenelon and the Quietist controversy, they were to be placed in practical opposition. Not that the Jesuits generally supported the Quietist extravagances, but that personally Fenelon was held in high esteem by many Jesuits, while between Bossuet and Fenelon, to use a common saying, there seems to have been little love lost at any time.

Of *Telemachus*, Fenelon's moral and political romance, Bossuet was wont to speak with absolute contempt. Le Dieu records his opinions of that popular story at some length. He thought the style "effeminate and poetical, overdone in its pictures, its figurative language passing the bounds of prose, and quite poetical. Its many amorous conversations, its descriptions of gallantry, its commencement with a declaration of tenderness on the part of a woman, who preserves the same feelings to the end, and other things of the same kind, made him say that the work was not only unworthy of a bishop, but of a priest and a Christian, and more mischievous than profitable to the prince to whom the author gave it." The latter part of the story Bossuet considered to contain a covert censure of the government, even of the king and his ministers. So that, between its love-scenes and its political liberalism, *Telemachus* was quite an abomination in the eyes of its author's great rival.

To return, however, to the conflict between the two prelates on the subject of Quietism. That Bossuet's antagonism to Fenelon served in no way to diminish his anxiety to crush what he held to be his errors, can hardly be doubted. There is no doubt that, like many another man of energy and authority, he was a thoroughly "good hater;" and Le Dieu's journal shows that in private life he was continually hitting hard blows at those whose views he disapproved. However, Fenelon's Quietist ideas were precisely of that absurdly unpractical kind which were peculiarly odious to a mind like that of Bossuet. Not that these ideas were perfectly new. So far from it, they had in early ages been distinctly maintained by

certain oriental fanatics; and a very little experience will enable the philosophic observer to detect the working of the same system in many other quarters. Quietism, in truth, is but one of the various forms of fanaticism which spring from a forgetfulness of the great truth, that God in creating man designed him to fulfil the object of his creation *as a man*, and by the employment of his whole nature in obedience to a moral law. The moment we come to imagine that portions of our nature, as made by their Creator, are useless, or worthless, or vile, that moment a door is opened to every sort of extravagance and absurdity. In the theory of the Quietists, action went for nothing. Man, according to this whim, was made to think and rest, simply contemplating God, without regard to outward and corporeal acts, which in their nature are wholly indifferent. The circumstance that religious minds should have ever been insensible to the necessary deductions from this theory, is but one proof out of many of the lengths to which mere piety uncontrolled by common sense will run. Unbiased common sense, apart from profound philosophy, would have seen in an instant that Quietism leads logically to Antinomianism; that if external acts may be indifferent, there is an end of all distinction between right and wrong in actual conduct. It is a proof of eminent sanctity and of pure love to God, said the Quietists, to be indifferent to one's own salvation; not perceiving that if it is lawful to be indifferent to salvation, it is also lawful to be indifferent to the things on which salvation depends; in other words, to be indifferent altogether to the will of God. So that, under the pretence of glorifying the will of God, this preposterous theory tended to dishonour and disregard that will to the utmost possible extent!

The chief modern defender of Quietism, up to the period before us, was Molinos. He had many followers, including men of high ecclesiastical position, and people of undoubted piety. In Italy Quietism had numerous adherents, especially in religious houses, where of course would be found many more people likely to embrace it than in the busy active world without. In France one of its most distinguished supporters was a Barnabite, the Père de la Combe, among whose disciples was the lady who enjoys the unenviable reputation of having led astray the amiable Archbishop of Cambrai.

Madame Guyon was a lady of good family, devout character, considerable cleverness, and a very flighty brain. Among other people of note, Madame de Maintenon held her in esteem, and afforded her some degree of countenance. Madame Guyon's book, entitled *Moyen court et très-facile d'Orai-*

son, speedily placed her in the position of the prophetess of the rising sect, and Fenelon became one of her most ardent partisans and personal friends. The court of Louis supplied some of the most zealous members of the sect, and are represented in an engraving published by De Leschelle, emblematic of the progress of the doctrine of "pure love." The Abbé Guettée asserts that this print was engraved under Fenelon's inspiration; but it seems hardly credible that he should have been insensible to the character of such an astounding production. If he was really responsible for it, the illustration it affords of what may be expected from good intentions uncontrolled by good sense, is indeed remarkable. This famous print, engraved by Leclerc, represented the Duke of Burgundy in the dress of a shepherd, crook in hand, and surrounded by a crowd of animals of all kinds, emblematic of the passions conquered by "pure love." Madame Guyon herself figured as a wet-nurse, with the Duke of Berry in her arms, communicating to him the "torrents" of grace which she received by meditation. And lastly, the Duke of Anjou, *in puris naturalibus*, stood in a corner of the picture, pulling out of a hole a serpent, representing the enemies of "pure love." This precious production was distributed to all who favoured the new opinions, together with another print representing St. Michael destroying the dragon, and which the associates of the sect hung up at their bed-heads, taking among one another the title of "Michaelians."

Meanwhile the two grand sources of practical theological jurisdiction in France, namely, the king and Madame de Maintenon, had taken the matter seriously in hand, and were proceeding characteristically enough. It happened that the Bishop of Chartres, Godet-des-Marais, in whose diocese was situated Madame de Maintenon's pet convent of St. Cyr, was one of those hard, dry, and sensible men, who, without much learning, were peculiarly insensible to the attractions of a spiritual siren like Madame Guyon. Under his influence De Maintenon, who had been somewhat bitten with the fashionable court epidemic, regained her mental sobriety, and persuaded the king to constitute a commission to inquire into the new doctrines. The commission consisted of Bossuet, Noailles (the Bishop of Châlons), and Tronson, the superior of St. Sulpice. These three held several conferences at Issy, in the archdiocese of Paris; a proceeding against which Harlai the Archbishop, who was not on the commission, strenuously remonstrated, but in vain. As for Madame Guyon, whom Bossuet treated with much delicacy and considerateness,—regarding her as a crack-brained devotee, rather than as a

heretic,—she retired during the conferences to a convent in Bossuet's own diocese.

Harlai, quietly thrust out of the matter, now took the lead independently, and condemned the writings of De la Combe and Madame Guyon. Fenelon, who showed no indisposition to treat the proceedings of the commissioners with respect, was nominated to the archbishopric of Cambrai, partly as a reward for his amiability, partly to secure his further acquiescence, and especially, says the Duke of St. Simon in his memoirs, to get him away from Paris, the head-quarters of the new sect. They were fully hoping to get him made Archbishop of Paris, as soon as Harlai died; and their annoyance at his banishment to an unimportant country see was proportionately great. However, Fenelon assisted at the conferences of Issy, and with the rest put his signature to thirty-four articles drawn up to fix the principles and language of mystical theology.

The reconciliation which followed between the chiefs of the opposite parties soon proved to be perfectly hollow. St. Simon declares that Bossuet was duped by the *tendresses* of Fenelon. At any rate, the antagonism rapidly grew more decided than ever. Fenelon cultivated still closer friendship with the Jesuits about the king, and Madame Guyon vigorously propagated her theories. Bossuet, following the natural instincts of his character, wrote a book, and produced one of his most masterly performances, the *Instruction sur les Etats d'Oraison*. Fenelon, however, was determined not to be behindhand, and forestalled its publication by issuing his own equally famous *Explication des Maximes des Saints sur la Vie intérieure*. As we do not happen to have any knowledge of this book, we must content ourselves with St. Simon's opinion of it. He describes its style as being confused and embarrassed, slipshod and abounding in barbarous phraseology, and utterly incomprehensible to all ordinary readers. As for its sentiments, it presented Quietism in its most refined and least repulsive form—(*épuré de tout ordure*),—and in so doing made it so utterly vague and formless, that the wits of the day applied to it Madame de Sévigné's brilliant remark *à propos* to the disputes on grace: “*Epaississez-moi un peu la religion, qui s'évapore toute à force d'être subtilisée.*” The king and De Maintenon were especially wroth, both of them because the Duke of Chevreuse had actually corrected the proofs, in order to help Fenelon to get the book published without delay; and De Maintenon especially, because the Duke de Beauvilliers had undertaken to present a copy to the king without telling De Maintenon herself! The two

dukes appear, nevertheless, to have taken the lady's wrath with provoking coolness, and held on to the peccant Archbishop.

The moment Bossuet's book was out, Fenelon felt the force of the blow. The king called on him to submit his book to a new commission, all of whom were either his declared adversaries or mere courtier-bishops; and Madame de Maintenon found a vent for her feelings by banishing from St. Cyr three ladies who favoured the Quietists. The favour of the Jesuits was not enough to support Fenelon. Pères de la Chaise and Valois, confessors to the king and the princes, had pronounced themselves in his favour, and the king had very angry words with them on the subject. The superiors of the Society took the alarm; and La Rue, who was preaching the Lent sermons before the king, took an opportunity of denouncing the Quietists, enlivening the discourse with what St. Simon (who appears to have been present) calls "sketches from nature," in which every body recognised the chief actors on Fenelon's side. The Duke of Beauvilliers, one of the most prominent, sat just behind the princes, and endured the glances of the whole court while his picture was being drawn.

Fenelon next appealed to the Pope, sent him his book, and wanted to go to Rome himself; but Louis, being despot over men's bodies, as he wished to be over their souls, would not let him; and the poor Archbishop had to content himself with a dry acknowledgment from his Holiness, while Bossuet's book was warmly welcomed. The *Maximes des Saints* was submitted by the Pope to the congregation which had been charged to examine Cardinal Sfondrato's book, the *Nodus Prædestinationis resolutus*, which had been denounced by Bossuet and other French prelates. This book, a well-known passage of which is generally understood as advocating very much the same views as were urged in some letters to the *Rambler*, on "the Destiny of the Unregenerate," was *not* condemned, but acquitted. The editor of Le Dieu's Journal, who is a worshiper of Bossuet, of course thinks that Sfondrato was acquitted only because he was a cardinal. Those who agree with our correspondent will probably think otherwise. "As for Fenelon," says the Abbé Guettée, "he had Louis XIV. against him, and of course must be beaten, notwithstanding the support of Cardinal de Bouillon and the Jesuits."

We need not weary our readers with the names of the various publications issued by Bossuet and Fenelon, which kept the controversial world alive in France while the examination was advancing. The king and De Maintenon exhibited their power and their feelings; the former by dismissing, without the slightest cause, Fenelon's brother from the

garde-du-corps, by depriving the Archbishop himself of his title (now merely honorary) of tutor to the princes, and by clapping Madame Guyon into the Bastille; the latter by entreating Louis to disgrace the Duke of Beauvilliers, which, however, he refused. She also surreptitiously published a confidential letter from De Rancé, the celebrated abbot of La Trappe, written to Bossuet, and unfavourable to Fenelon.

At last the condemnation came. Twenty-three propositions from the *Maximes des Saints* were pronounced as rash, dangerous, and erroneous. Fenelon was just mounting his pulpit when the letter reached him. He proceeded immediately to declare his submission; two days afterwards confirmed his retractation of his views in a *Mandement*, and wrote to the Pope to assure him of his submission.

But it was now the turn of Louis and his Bishops to find themselves in a difficulty. According to rule, the document which condemned the "Maxims of the Saints" was to be registered by the Parliament, in order to give it legal force. St. Simon shall describe the embarrassment which followed, in his own words: "Here was the difficulty," writes the duke; "for the court of Rome, sure of the impatience of the king to receive the brief, inserted in it terms in its own style which France does not admit,—terms contrary to the liberties of the Gallican Church, which are neither concessions nor privileges, but a constant usage of attachment to the ancient discipline of the Church, which has not bent before the usurpations of the court of Rome, and which has not allowed it to rob her of them, as in the case of the churches of other nations."

The difficulty was thus ingeniously got over. The king sent the brief to all the metropolitans, with an order to them to assemble their suffragans, and to pronounce on the Papal condemnation of Fenelon's book. Thus the final authority was apparently transferred to the local Bishops, who absurdly enough did not see that in fact they were conceding their jurisdiction to the king. They were content, however, to accept one autocracy in place of the other; and having given their consent to the Papal judgment, they sent their reports to the French court; and the parliament having thus won *its* battle, readily registered the original mandate. The Pope felt very much like a chess-player who is stale-mated; but he took no farther steps, and Louis XIV. once more reigned supreme.

What may have been the personal feelings which remained in the breasts of the two chief theological combatants in the strife, it is not easy to say. It is the bane of historians and biographers, that they insist upon interpreting every man's

actions according to their own personal likes and dislikes. And the system of interpretation has been strenuously carried out in the case of Bossuet and Fenelon, though with but slender foundation in facts. That Fenelon should have been infinitely more irritated against Bossuet than Bossuet against Fenelon, was but natural. In the first place, Bossuet won the day; and it is far easier for the victor to shake hands with the vanquished, than for the vanquished to do the same with the victor. Then, again, the characters of the two men were totally different. Bossuet's natural character was intensely proud; Fenelon's infirmity was probably rather in the way of vanity; and a proud man can forgive more easily than a vain man. Moreover, looking at the whole affair in connection with the ecclesiastical politics of the day, it is evident that the triumph must have been peculiarly soothing to Bossuet, and peculiarly galling to Fenelon. What could a vigorous Gallican more enjoy than to employ the Papal authority to crush *the* Ultramontane French prelate, and finally to see the supreme Papal authority, as such, quietly set aside by the device adopted by Louis before the brief received parliamentary registration? Add to this, Fenelon *must* have felt that he had been made a fool of by a woman of more brilliance than solidity, and more fascination than piety,—not a soothing thought; so that if Fenelon, to the end of his days, had no particular fondness for his victor, he only felt what almost every man in his circumstances must have felt, without being at all guilty of the unchristian bitterness which Le Dieu imputes to him, and which is also imputed in no measured terms by the editor of the volumes before us.

How large an amount of interest Fenelon caused in the minds even of his opponents, Le Dieu himself is a proof. One of the most interesting passages in his journal is that which describes a visit he paid to Fenelon, six months after the death of Bossuet. He details the manners, dress, conversation, house and habits of the charming prelate with a minuteness and evident accuracy which stand in welcome contrast with the dullness and worthlessness of a large portion of the rest of his journal. While he has favoured us with a more exact knowledge of the state of the kidneys of the great Bishop of Meaux than of any thing else belonging either to his mind or person, he has contrived to sketch so lifelike a portrait of his rival, that we can only regret that Fenelon had not some gossiping secretary to visit Meaux, and paint its Bishop as cleverly as Le Dieu has painted him. The reader will probably not quarrel with us if we translate some rather lengthy extracts from this part of the journal.

The account of the journey to Cambrai is sufficiently characteristic. In the midst of a noting-down of names, places, towns, and distances, Le Dieu records how one day the soup at dinner disagreed with him; so that when at supper he was rash enough to eat of a *rôtie* cooked with wine and sugar, he was immediately dreadfully sick, and was forced to go supperless to bed. We suspect the worthy abbé was a bit of a gourmand, and sympathise with him when he adds, that he had the happiness of sleeping well, and enjoyed a chicken for his breakfast the next morning. Posterity, however, probably cares more for Fenelon's *ménage* than for our journalist's dyspeptic misadventures; and we therefore hasten to accompany the traveller to the archiepiscopal residence. He does not conceal the fact, that he felt somewhat nervous at meeting the Archbishop, though he came with a letter from a mutual friend by way of introduction. We do not know how the particulars of the meeting will strike the general reader; but to us we confess that the whole bearing of Fenelon was every thing that could be expected from a gentleman and a bishop; and that any of that excessive *empressement* which Le Dieu clearly wished for would have been out of place and a sham. The prelate was away from home when Le Dieu arrived; but he came home the next day, and thus the abbé met him. We can almost see the overdone respect and exaggerated modesty of the fidgety visitor, as he endeavoured to conciliate his host by his extreme humility.

"I was," says he, "in the large billiard-room, near the fireplace. As soon as I saw him enter, I approached with great respect. He appeared at first cold and mortified, but gentle and civil, inviting me to come in with kindness, and without *empressement*. 'I profit,' I said, 'monseigneur, by the permission which it has pleased your grace to give me to come here to pay my respects whenever I was able.' This I spoke in a tone modest but audible. I added in a lower voice, and as it were in his ear, that I brought him news and letters from Madame de la Maisonfort. 'I am glad to hear it,' said he; 'come, enter.' Then came M. l'Abbé de Beaumont, and saluted me with an embrace in a very easy and cordial manner."

Then follow details on Fenelon's dress, which need not be quoted, though nothing escaped the visitor's eyes; with the narrative of a brief but unimportant conversation respecting their common friend Madame de Maisonfort, all natural enough, and just what might have been expected. Dinner was soon announced, and Fenelon begged the abbé to come and dine with him.

"All the guests," continues Le Dieu, "were waiting for him

in the dining-room; and no one had come into his own room, where they knew I was closeted with him. Every body washed his hands without ceremony, and as among friends. The Archbishop said grace, and took the highest place, as was right; M. l'Abbé de Chanterac sat on his left hand; every body placing himself without distinction, as he finished washing his hands. I sat down at a chance seat, and was immediately helped to soup. The seat on the prelate's right hand was empty, and he signed to me to take it; I thanked him, and said, I was seated and helped. He insisted amiably and politely, saying, 'Come, here is your place.' I went without resistance, and my soup was brought to me there.

We were fourteen at table; in the evening sixteen. The table was magnificently and daintily served. There were several kinds of soup, good beef and good mutton; *entrées* and *ragoûts* of all kinds; a large roast joint; young partridges and other game in abundance, and of all kinds; a splendid dessert, exquisite peaches and grapes, though in Flanders; pears of the best kinds, and all sorts of sweetmeats; good red wine; no beer; the linen clean; the bread very good; a large quantity of silver plate, very heavy, and quite of the fashionable pattern. The livery-servants were very numerous, waiting well and quickly, with activity and no noise. I saw no pages among them. It was a footman who waited on the prelate, or sometimes the head-servant himself. The *maître-d'hôtel* seemed to me a man of good style, well obeyed in the household.

Mgr. the Archbishop took the trouble to help me with his own hand to whatever was most delicate upon the table. I thanked him every time with great respect, holding my hat in my hand; and each time he did not fail to take off his hat to me, and he did me the honour to drink to my health, all very gravely, but with an easy and polite manner. The conversation was also very easy, pleasant, and even gay. The prelate talked in his turn, and left every body a fair liberty; and I remarked that his chaplains, secretaries, and his equerry conversed like the others, very freely; while no one ventured on raillery, or prosed: the young nephews did not speak. The Abbé de Beaumont kept up the conversation, which turned much on the journey of Mgr. de Cambrai; but this abbé was very gentlemanlike, and I saw nothing of those haughty and contemptuous airs which I have so often met with elsewhere. In fact, I found more modesty and propriety than elsewhere, both in the person of the master, and in the nephews and the rest."

After contrasting the amiability of Fenelon—though a duke and prince of the empire, and very rich, in thus having his clergy about him—with the conduct of the Archbishops of Paris and Rheims, Le Dieu goes on:

"The prelate ate very little, and only of sweet and unsavoury dishes: in the evening, for instance, some spoonsful of eggs cooked

with milk. He drank also only two or three draughts of light white wine, of a pale colour, and consequently not strong; there could not be greater sobriety and self-command. Accordingly he is extremely thin, his countenance clear and fine, but colourless: as he himself said, 'One could not be thinner than I am.' He is in good health, and at the end of this three weeks' journey he seemed neither weary nor tired. I think, for my own part, that it is chagrin which preys upon him: for, besides his thinness, he has a mortified expression; and during the half-day I spent with him, and at the end of a journey which ought to have dissipated it, he did not get out of his profound melancholy, although his manner was easy and polite, but with the countenance of a Saint Charles. This is the idea I have formed of this prelate. Accordingly he only spoke to me on piety, and on faithfulness in serving God, both with respect to himself and his whole diocese, his ecclesiastics, his seminary, and Madame de la Maisonfort; that is to say, he wishes to keep up his character of a spiritual man, occupied with his soul, and mystic, who thinks of nothing but his own and other people's salvation."

We pause a moment in our extract, to request the reader's sympathy with our disgust at the shameless imputation of hypocrisy which this travelling journalist here fastens upon his entertainer's piety. Thus it is that men's reputations are demolished, and the most blameless life is put down to "a wish to keep up the character of a spiritual man." Who can wonder when he finds M. Tabaraud, in his Supplement to Cardinal de Bausset's Histories of Bossuet and Fenelon, exclaiming, that "attacks and personalities have unhappily become the current coin of ecclesiastical criticism"? But to return to the spiteful and gossiping chronicler.

After dinner, all the company went into the Archbishop's large bedchamber, where this prelate again wished Le Dieu to take a distinguished place. Presently in came M. de Franqueville, the dean, with a freedom of manner and familiar ease quite overpowering to the nerves of Le Dieu, who evidently thought it rather shocking that not only should such manners be tolerated by a duke, a prince, a prelate, and a man of wealth, but that the said duke, prince, prelate, and rich man should positively seem extremely glad to see the lively talkative dean. His feelings were, however, speedily soothed by the apparition of coffee, of which he notes that there was some for every body; while Fenelon was "so attentive as to have mine given to me with a white napkin." He thought it, nevertheless, extraordinary that nobody but the dean came from the town to pay their respects to the prelate after his absence.

By and by, Fenelon went out to make a call, having first shown Le Dieu all over his house. Le Dieu profited by his absence to re-examine every thing; and he gives us about four pages of details on rooms, passages, furniture, velvets, carpets, and so forth, not particularly interesting, and amounting only to the fact that Fenelon was a wealthy man, and lived in a big house well furnished. Perhaps he would have been less polite in showing his visitor every thing, had he foreseen that the following sentences would forthwith become a portion of the diary for the day:

"The small bedchamber is furnished with light-gray worsted. In showing me this room, the Archbishop said to me, 'Here I sleep; the large bed-room is for show, and this for use.' He took care to make me notice the difference, *in order that I might be fully persuaded of his modesty*. Every thing is handsome in his house for other persons, but every thing for himself appeared modest."

No doubt, if this abbé had been shown over Apsley House, he would have set down the Iron Duke's plain and hard bedstead to his wish to appear simple in tastes to the English nation.

When the Archbishop returned, he talked long with his visitor, walking up and down the rooms, always speaking on religious subjects, but never mentioning Bossuet's name, or hinting any thing either in his praise or the reverse. After supper, the conversation did turn on the death of Bossuet. He was asked if Bossuet had foreseen that he was dying, and had received the sacraments, and from whom. Fenelon asked who had exhorted him to prepare for death; which very simple question Le Dieu interprets as a proof that he thought Bossuet's spiritual state must have required the advice of a specially competent person. Le Dieu's insinuations are adopted with nothing less than malice by his present editor, who calls Fenelon's feelings to Bossuet *rancorous*; and says that he "affected to keep silence on his illustrious antagonist, and in asking who had been with him when he died, implied that his last moments ought not to have been peaceful ones."

Nothing more occurred worth repeating. We will take leave of Le Dieu, recording how he was ushered to bed with a lackey before him, carrying wax candles and a big waxen torch. Truly, to the character of a Boswell and a Pepys he himself united no little of the soul of the flunkey under his ecclesiastical *soutane*. He could no more understand a gentleman like Fenelon, than he could have written the *Etats d'Oraison* and *Exposition de la Foi* of Bossuet.

The Jansenist controversy served once more to display the peculiar cast of Bossuet's mind, and brought him again into direct contest with Rome. That he himself held the Port-Royalist doctrine on the subject of divine grace is incontestable. He considered himself, rightly or wrongly, a thorough Augustinian. Moreover, he absolutely detested the casuistry popularly attributed to the Jesuits, and was thrown into repeated controversy with them. With Arnould, Nicole, and the other learned Port-Royalists, he maintained relations of affection and friendship. But when the condemnation of the celebrated "five propositions" was issued by Rome, Bossuet found himself in a position not precisely the same with that of the leading Port-Royalists, or Jansenists.

Every one who is acquainted with the controversies of the period, is aware that these five propositions (which are in substance identical with mere Calvinism) were condemned, as being actually contained in the book of Jansenius called *Augustinus*. When Innocent the Tenth called upon the Port-Royalists to adhere to his decision, they obeyed him readily so far as the obnoxious dogmas were concerned; but as they did not themselves believe these opinions to be really contained in Jansenius' work, they refused to accept the Papal declaration that they were thus contained. In other words, they signed the required formulary under certain specified conditions, and not *purement et simplement*.

This brought to a practical issue the grand question between the two schools of opinion; not that which discusses the infallibility of the Pope in reference to the infallibility of the Church, but the extent of the infallibility of the Church herself,—whether or not that infallibility is, so to say, centred in the Roman Pontiff. It is obvious that two men may both believe the Pope to be infallible, as distinguished from the Pope in conjunction with the Church, and yet they may disagree as to the range of subjects to which this infallibility extends. And the same, when two parties hold that the Pope with the Church is alone infallible.

The French clergy, almost universally, held that though the Church is infallible in matters of doctrine, she is not so in matters of fact, whether those facts are historically connected with the preservation of doctrine or no. Facts, they said, are not matters of revelation at all. We know them by the ordinary use of human means of knowledge. The Church, on the other hand, is the appointed guardian of those supernatural truths which reason cannot learn by herself, and in those, and those alone, she is free from possibility of error. The opposite school, represented at this time in France by

Fenelon and the Jesuits, maintained that the Church is infallible in matters of fact also.

When, then, the Jansenists refused to admit that Jansenius' book actually contained the five obnoxious dogmas, simply because the Pontifical decision declared that such was the fact, a fresh bull, the "*Vineam domini*," was issued, which did not, however, absolutely compel those who denied the infallibility in facts to renounce their opinions. Fenelon and others drew a distinction between "dogmatic facts" and other facts, by way of simplifying the questions involved; but the *real* subject was left untouched.

Bossuet's embarrassment with respect to his Port-Royalist friends arose from the circumstance that he, personally, did consider that Jansenius' book actually contained the Calvinistic propositions condemned. As the condemnation included no distinct statement on the limits of infallibility, he had therefore no difficulty whatever himself in giving his signature. His practical advice to the Jansenists was characteristic. He wished them to sign the formulary, as an act of obedience and humility to the Supreme Pontiff, not as an act of faith in the Church as the divine vicegerent exerting its dogmatic rights. They were quite willing to go so far as to preserve silence on the subject, out of deference to authority; but he wished them to go a step further, and to say to the Pope, "As you say so, and you are the supreme magistrate in the Church, it would ill become us, inferior persons, and men in no authority, to differ from you in opinion." It is well known that the leading Jansenists did not adopt Bossuet's device.

When the Jansenist Quesnel wrote his *Réflexions Morales*,—a book which was warmly received by the French Episcopate, and defended by Bossuet's own pen,—the contest was partially renewed. The book was denounced at Rome, and a hundred and one propositions censured. This time, however, the question of fact was not brought prominently forward, and the subject did not therefore excite the same general attention. M. Guettée asserts that the whole thing originated in the desire of the Jesuits to damage De Noailles and Bossuet; and that they succeeded, because the Pope and Cardinal Gabrielli had not forgiven these two prelates for denouncing Sfondrato's book, to which we have before alluded. M. Guettée, however, deals a great deal too largely in insinuations and imputations.

But Bossuet's time was drawing to a close. On the 12th of April 1704, the struggles, powers, and pains of the great controversialist were ended. After a long and most painful

illness, which, as we gather from the journal, he bore with unaffected piety, he was gathered to his fathers. His affairs were in that confusion which might have been expected from a man who habitually took no pains to keep them in order: but his death was sincerely mourned for; and the turmoil of petty squabbles, which kept the diocese of Meaux in hot water after the appointment of his successor, must have made all sensible men doubly regret the loss of the departed prelate. Of the many funeral orations preached in his honour, that which was delivered at the Propaganda in Rome was the most significant, as showing the influence obtained by the mere force of his character and the extent of his learning. Little as we shall be expected to agree with some of his views, and fatal as we consider was the influence of his support of despotic power, we cannot but admit that time has done less to dwarf his reputation than it does in the case of ordinary celebrities; and that as a practical controversialist, his equal, of whatever school, has not appeared since he left this world.

MODERN INDIVIDUALISM.

As our ancestors clipped their yew-hedges and their box-trees into walls and cupolas and weathercocks, liking better to see nature forced to imitate art badly, than "wandering at her own sweet will," and expressing the internal law of her growth; so did the ancients deal with man and with society. They weaved round him a mesh of external arbitrary law, and moulded him by stiff statutes, instead of studying his nature and aiding his internal endogenous growth with kindly appliances. Individuality was quashed by rigid formulas, and strict and absolute laws. Persons were nothing, the state was every thing. And in order to give life to this principle, in order to make persons willing to sacrifice their personality to the state, it was raised to something more than human, deified and worshiped. The real object of Roman worship was their city; "the eternally-prosperous, the everlastingly-powerful, the world-destroying and people-devouring Rome, to which every thing must fall a sacrifice." Its emperors were gods. In Greece, where this worship did not find place, yet the fate of the *state*,—the most highly-prized gain of ancient civilisation from the chaos of barbarism,—was considered of paramount importance, and the destinies of indi-

viduals only memorable as subordinate to public history. In Egypt, Persia, Assyria, Babylon, the monarch vested himself in the insignia of the chief deity, and was worshiped in his place. The state or its representative was the great object of the worship of the ancient world. Its power too was frightful. The supreme state, the creature of man, rigidly defined by the laws that he had weaved around it, had the right, through its representatives, of requiring any person to sacrifice himself for its supposed good ; or, in default of obedience, itself to sacrifice the struggling victim in spite of his refusals and his protests.

Such is the ancient state ; a purely human creation, with divine rights over mankind. And the idea of this institution influenced all the literature of antiquity. There all was subservient to the state ; the acts, characters, and fate of persons were introduced only as bearing upon the fortunes of the whole. So also the jurisprudence of Rome considered the state alone ; the well-being of all or any of its members was to be thought nothing of, when it came across the supposed well-being of society. But now both our literature and our laws are turned into another channel. Instead of the state, the person becomes paramount ; and the feeling is carried so far, that, as in the case of Dr. Bernard, where the law is doubtful, citizens will often hazard the well-being of a state to screen a person from the legal consequences of his foolish and criminal acts. This principle was enunciated in all its nakedness by Lord Brougham in his speech in defence of Queen Caroline. An advocate, he said, knows but one person in the world—his client. “To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties. . . . Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must prove reckless of the consequences, if his fate should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion for his client’s protection.” Whatever exaggeration there may be here, a principle is enunciated which we conceive to be characteristic of modern times,—the supremacy of personal considerations over considerations of state.

We suppose that this change is, on the whole, due to Christianity. It was a novel teaching to declare that it was of no profit to gain the whole world at the expense of one soul ; that it was not lawful to commit a venial sin to save the whole human race from perishing. When this teaching entered political life, then, for the first time, law, instead of looking

to the state, looked to the individual. It was no longer the corporate existence that was the object of all the scientific providence of rulers. The Christian law addressed the individual soul; it defined the duties of each person to God, himself, and his neighbour; and it promised that if each person would look after his own conduct, Providence would look after the well-being of the whole.

Hence human interest came to be gradually concentrated on the elements of society rather than on society itself; governments became paternal; and though these have lost their original spirit, it still remains in society. The most popular literature of the day is biography and the novel, appealing to the interest which we feel in the ordinary pursuits, adventures, characters, and fortunes of individuals. Thus nature is gradually asserting her rights. One of her maxims is, like to like: we can only understand and love that which we resemble: the novel gives us humanity in the concrete; history too often treats us to generalisations, where humanity is lost in figures and numbers. "The proper study of mankind is man." Now the state, however human, is not man; any one human being—John, Thomas, or Peter—is more man than society: there is no soul in the state; but there is a soul in the individual; study him, and whatever may be his faults or disagreeable qualities, only make him show his soul, and you cannot help loving him: "As certain to be loved as seen, the soul stands forth." There is enough to love in any individual; people oftener want something taken away to make them agreeable than something added. Those who approach even the greatest malefactor come sometimes to love him, and to think him not much of a devil, however black he may be. In this way, too, may be explained the mawkish interest which our people take in condemned murderers. We are startled perhaps with some horrible crime; but the victim was personally unknown. It was policeman X 22, who has left a wife and four children; or it was an unhappy woman, of whom nothing was ever heard till her catastrophe at once made her famous. It was a human being, and so we are shocked; and our first feeling is one of vengeance against the murderer, of whom we know as little as of his victim. But the papers every morning contain some little personal trait of the criminal; we read of the coroner's inquest on his victim, and of the verdict against the murderer; we see his portrait; they tell us his history, and describe the visit of his mother to his cell; his trial occupies several days; his personality is brought out, and stands forth glaringly; his wickedness has not affected us; and we can all endure

crime with considerable equanimity till it injures ourselves, or those next to us. Thus the criminal is presented to us as an "unfortunate man;" and we congregate, whining and groaning and blubbering, at the door of his cell, and we get up petitions to the Secretary of State to rescue him from the gallows;—and all because his personality is brought before us vividly, sometimes perhaps more vividly by the greatness of his crime.

For, asks Plato, "think you that great crimes and consummate wickedness arise from an ordinary soul, and not from one of the highest natural force, whose lofty endowments have been depraved by circumstances of education? or do you imagine that a feeble spirit can ever do either much good or much evil?" It is the same with bold blasphemy. Strength, whether of mind or body, subdues the imagination. St. Jerome, perhaps the best heretic-hater that ever was, confesses as much of heretics: *Nullus potest hæresim struere, nisi qui ardentis ingenii est, et habet dona naturæ, quæ a Deo artifice sunt creata.* The heresiarch must be a man of genius, endowed by God with great natural gifts. On the whole, we cannot concentrate our attention on the personal qualities of any man, bad or good, without feeling an overwhelming interest in him, and caring relatively nothing for all others, whom, in regard to him, we reckon for the time rather as things than as persons. Nay, we may even school ourselves to a misanthropical hatred of *mankind*; but we are almost obliged to love *men*. "I have ever hated," says Swift, "all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals: principally I hate and detest that animal called man, though I heartily love John and Thomas." Even Timon is obliged to relent in favour of Flavius:

"How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself!"

Now we do not deny that all this individualism of modern society may often degenerate into selfishness, or into a dreamy sentimentalism, which is as bad; and that these corruptions may go far to provoke an antagonist feeling, tending towards the socialistic restoration of the old absolutism of the state. But we see the modern feeling strong even in socialism. The socialist philosophers would fain persuade all rulers to follow implicitly the wishes of the people; they would divest us of personality, and give the state a corporate intellect, in order that they might find themselves the brains of the new body. The present governors, forsooth, are to resign their functions into the hands of the mob, in order that the reins may be

seized by the oligarchy of orators, who make themselves the representative men of the people. None are so intensely selfish, so exaggerated in their personality, as these troublesome little men. The greatest crime we can commit is to misrepresent their meaning and doubt their intentions; and these are the apostles of the new philosophy, which is to annihilate individualism!

The current of modern ideas is too strong to be turned by such attempts. No orator will ever persuade us that we are the mere creatures of society, and that it is our duty and happiness to resign ourselves to do and suffer without question all that society requires of us. Christianity, or rather Christian civilisation, has brought out the idea of our personality too strongly for us ever again to resign ourselves to the notion that we are only the component molecules of a vast machine, which has the supreme direction of our destiny, and that this machine is the state, or society, or even humanity itself. Each molecule now feels that to himself he is of more value than all the rest of the mass together, and nothing will persuade him to sacrifice his own good to the good of the whole. You may persuade him that self-sacrifice is his good; that honour, benevolence, religion, may require the offering. But then he makes the sacrifice because it is best for him; not because the state requires it. Men of modern ideas will not be led or driven as sheep to the slaughter without question or without reclamation; they want to know the reason of it; they ask whether the cause is worth the sacrifice. Their courage is not passive, as those of uncivilised people, but active; they know what they give, and why they give it, and they make up their minds to the loss.

This increased consciousness of our personality and freedom, and the increased versatility of mind occasioned by the complexity of social relationships, have introduced great changes even into our religious ideas. Of old, when men arranged themselves into castes as if by nature, when they worked on monotonously at their hereditary crafts as if by instinct, without thought of improvement or change,—persons would retire by tens of thousands into the desert, and give themselves up as long as they lived to the direction of some venerable archimandrite. Though it was done at once, by one resolution, yet a man that retired from the conflict, after a few months' trial, was regarded as lost. He had looked back from the plough. What a change in the diminished numbers of monks; in the long novitiates they have to pass; in the distinction between simple and solemn vows, and the facility and frequency of dispensation from the former; in the num-

bers of societies that have only temporary vows, or even none at all! And where the will is most suppressed, the personality is most cared for, by the nursing of the intellect. The Jesuits annihilate their wills in the presence of their superior; but it is the duty of the superior to study their character, and to set them to the occupation they are most fit for; that thus he may manage to draw out their peculiar and personal powers to much greater effect than any self-direction would have enabled them to do. It seems to us that this is because, in the present state of society, an act of unconditional self-sacrifice made once for all to an external direction, which is to last all one's life, is next to impossible.

The case is the same when we look into the lay world. With more or less truth and good sense, every man judges of his own vocation, and of his fitness for certain employments; and, moreover, has faith in his judgment. Freedom of choice is ingrained into him. He cannot, if he would, make the sacrifice of it. In old days it was not so, or not so generally. It was not thought worth while to correct a mistake once made. If a man had got into the "wrong box," he had to make the best of it, and try to make it fit him. If an unjust judgment, if a hasty and inconsiderate act of authority had marred his prospects, had prevented his doing the work to which he was called by his ability or his inclination,—he was recommended to acquiesce, to make the sacrifice, to take it easily, and not to seek to right himself. Let him make the resolution to submit, and keep it. Excellent morality, as good for modern days as for ancient times,—excellent, that is, where it is possible. But may it not happen that the resolution made under such circumstances would act every moment as a temptation; that as day after day passed, every day should make the purpose more difficult to keep; that when the first enthusiasm of self-sacrifice was over, the bitter flood of rebellion should be continually welling up with new strength from the heart, and that the man should be growing ever more and more impatient of the external pressure which confined his limbs, swathed his form, and cramped his muscles? It looks almost as if, in old times, such resolutions were maintained by men as pain is borne by animals, who endure the agony of the moment without reflecting on the past or anticipating the future. To man pain has a cumulative power; the toothache, which we bear easily for five minutes, is unendurable for five hours; past, present, and future, are all present to his anxiety. So in a sacrifice, a sentence, a rash or inconsiderate command, that cuts a man off from what he deliberately judges to be his proper work,—he may accept it

in a moment of pious enthusiasm, but we do not know whether it will not be his ruin; no man can promise himself that he will be able to keep such a resolution, to stand amid all the temptations which will assail him; no one can foresee the bitterness, the revenge, the crimes into which he may be led by a too hasty renunciation of his personal rights. And this is a danger which grows with the growth of individualism. Moralists may call it egoism, selfishness, or what they like; but it is a fact in our nature, that these particular motives or temptations are stronger now than at former periods.

In political life this increasing freedom has borne even more fruit, and has caused perhaps deeper changes than in religious and ethical life. It is this which more than any thing else renders persecution a solecism in the present age. The positivist hopes to reduce history to one of the natural sciences, and to know its laws so well that he will be able to predict its changes and events with as great certainty as the astronomer predicts the phases of the moon, or the occultations of Jupiter's satellites. The ancient politician made politics rather an art than a science; like the clay in the potter's hand, the people were to be moulded by the manipulations of the scientific legislator, and the philosopher was to predict their doings as certainly as the artist could describe beforehand the image he was to model. Statesmen thought they sat on the top of society, raising it where it was too depressed, lowering it where it was too swollen, letting blood here, clapping a plaster on there, blistering and swathing and binding, patting and coaxing, and stabbing and striking, and squeezing and pinching, and pulling and pushing, as if they were the living rules, models, and laws that society was to follow, the archetypal wisdom that made it, and the supreme prudence that ruled it. We have passed this stage; but happily we have not yet come to the positivists' platform. The world at present acknowledges, what the Church has all along been proclaiming, that society grows by a power that obeys not man, and that the best-considered combinations may fail, the wisest measures may be futile, the mightiest preparations may be eluded or crushed. Watchfulness itself may be caught napping; and bravery may for once, and at the turning-point of fortune, show the white feather and flee. Except God keep the city, the watchman watches in vain. The Church herself cannot mould history. It is not for her to say when she shall be at peace, when in persecution; what empires shall rise, what shall fall. The march of events, the practical interpretation of prophecy, God has kept in His own power;

and no one can pretend to dictate to, or interfere with, Providence.

Now, the old theory of persecution was a corollary from the old systems of politics. If you can mould and model society according to your wish, you may be quite right in forcing it to remain Christian. But if ideas are too strong for you; if your interference only aggravates what you wish to diminish, and brings out into prominence that which you wish to suppress and bury,—then you must own that in this road, as well as in so many others, the march of society follows a higher guidance than your own, and that you may be committing you know not what crimes in violently seeking to repress it. Thus true toleration is not indifferentism. It is not because we think all religions equally false, and that we like to see people profess one as well as another, till the blessed time comes when they profess none, that we advocate toleration. “True toleration,” says Schlegel, “is founded on the humble, and therefore religious, principle and firm hope, that while we leave in quiet that which has already an historical existence, God will conduct and arrange all things, and bring them to their appointed end. This is widely remote from that pretended equality of all religions, provided they inculcate a good morality—a system which strikes at the root of all religion. Intolerance, on the other hand, is grounded in the proud, and therefore impious, opinion, that a man can mould all things to what he fancies they ought to be, without any regard to the limitations of human weakness, and without reflecting that what is put down by outward force, not unfrequently grows up in secret in altered, but still more dangerous form.”

As great have been the changes which this same idea of personal freedom has introduced into our literature. When the state was looked upon as the formative force and creative power which moulded man according to its idea, of course all interest was concentrated on the state. Personal details, the crimes and passions of men, were too foolish things to merit the attention of the politician. We lately showed how when the play of *Richard II.* was used as a political engine by Essex, Elizabeth's council passed over playwright and actors, and fixed on an unfortunate historian, whose fault was that he had treated the same subject dryly, without personal detail, and without passion or interest. The wise men could not even imagine that plays and tales could ever be meant seriously. “History,” says Mr. Chambers, “has in a great measure confined itself to political transactions and personages, and usually says little of the people, their daily con-

cerns, and the external accidents which immediately affect their comfort. This, I have always thought, was much to be regretted, and a general tendency to the same view has been manifested of late years." This was his reason for collecting the *Domestic Annals of Scotland*; "the series of occurrences beneath the region of history; the effects of passion, superstition, and ignorance in the people; the extraordinary natural events which disturbed their tranquillity, the calamities which affected their well-being, and the things which enable us to see how our forefathers thought, felt, and suffered, and how, on the whole, ordinary life looked in their days."

Even biographical writing has been revolutionised by the new ideas as much as history. Of old, writers thought they had told us enough of a man's life, when they had referred us to the external rule by which they conceived his conduct to have been moulded. He had this virtue or that defect. In hagiology all events were ranged under the heads of different virtues. Nothing can be more vague and colourless than sixteenth and seventeenth century memoirs of holy persons. Take as an instance the biographical notices in the *Florus Anglo-Bavaricus*. They are merely college exercises, all founded on one model, *Cicero pro Milone*; whatever things could not be expressed in Ciceronian words were either omitted, if too obstinate, or if they admitted periphrasis, described by a long, inflated, classical circumbendibus of fine words. All the points were blunted, all the bones and muscle and tendon boiled down to a tasteless jelly. The result was as applicable to one good man as another; an abstraction was described, not a person. There was no individualising.

But now writers are learning to omit every thing that is mere phraseology, to pass by every thing that is general, not individual, and to dwell on the minutest details; for in history every scrap, however small, is interesting. It would not be very amusing to write the life of the baker who brings the bread daily to your door, and tell how he is dressed, or how he conducts his craft. But to write an account of a baker of the seventeenth century, to enter into the details of the growth and price of corn, the grinding of flour, the kneading the dough, the leaven, the baking, the sale, the haggling and bargaining,—all this contributes to make a real historical picture, and to bring the person before us in his individuality, even though its principal subject be not exactly of the heroic type.

To conclude:—in all that we have said we have not at all entered into the first principles of the questions we have touched. We have not inquired whether the modern indi-

vidualism or the ancient public spirit was the better and more moral. We have only attempted to put forth certain considerations which tend to show how it is that, even granting that it is a good thing to sacrifice one's own self, to persecute, to concentrate all one's energies on the state or on society, such acts are highly impolitic and inexpedient now, because surrounded with many more dangers, and tending to place the person in the midst of frightful temptations. The act of self-sacrifice requires a resolution ever-fresh; we pledge ourselves to an eternal generation of the same thought from our minds. The act of persecution looks like an assertion that the government of the world is in our power; that we, not God, hold in our hands the hearts of men. In modern ethics the person is paramount; and any conduct or theory which tends to forget the existence of personal rights and personal freedom, stands a very good chance of being forgotten. And we need hardly add, that we are of course speaking only of that self-sacrifice which is referred to human society exclusively. When consecrated by a divine sanction, and sustained by divine aids, the act necessarily assumes an aspect of a character totally different.

LAFORET'S EXPOSITION OF CATHOLIC DOGMA.*

THE Belgian Bishops must surely feel their hearts leap within them for joy, as often as they contemplate the daily-increasing evidences of the perfect success which it has pleased Divine Providence to grant to that truly magnificent undertaking, the restoration of the University of Louvain. But a few years ago, with the commission of the Supreme Pastor in his hand, the Archbishop of Mechlin and his little band of suffragans, weak in numbers, but strong in unity of sentiment and steadfastness of purpose, entered the vacant schools and took possession of the desolate colleges and halls, whose portals such famous men had traversed of old. They brought with them a devoted band of teachers, of whose ability, zeal, and prudence, a previous trial of their merits had well assured

* *The Dogmas of the Catholic Church set forth, proved, and vindicated from the attacks of Heresy and Unbelief.* By N. J. Laforet, Honorary Canon of Namur Cathedral, Doctor of Theology, Professor of the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters, and President of the Pope's College in the Catholic University of Louvain. Brussels: Goemaere, 1855-8.

them, and in whose voices the old walls seemed joyfully to recognise tones long unheard, but not forgotten. Forthwith there was a marvellous response. The sound of their first words, like that of Ezechiel's voice over the dry bones, gave instant life to the disfigured and faded remains of the past. A living army of listeners rose up from the soil around them; an army of young men full of hope and promise, and at the same time themselves the hope and promise of Catholic Belgium.

Nor did the miracle cease here. The desolation was to be yet more utterly effaced, and the restoration of what had once been still more complete and perfect. The echo of that quickening voice was borne upon the four winds far beyond the limits of the land. The youth of foreign countries heard it, and obeyed it as a summons. There are some great enterprises in which the finger of God is so plainly engaged as to stir not only the hearts of the promoters, nor of those only whose coöperation would seem to be required for its success, but of those also whose aid might further, or whose sympathy might adorn it. It seemed at once to be every where known that the Catholic University of Louvain flourished anew. From England, Ireland, France, Holland, Prussia, Switzerland, Poland, and from the New World, troops of students came to swell the native ranks; the lecture-rooms were, as of old, filled to overflowing with a crowd of eager aspirants to the honours and rewards of knowledge in all its branches.* And if the University, in the midst of this wonderful and triumphant inauguration, has already had to deplore the premature death of some amongst its first professors, of whom it had most reason, perhaps, to be confident and proud, its very loss has become its gain by removing the last doubt, if any existed, of its complete success. For the chairs which were left vacant were forthwith filled from the ranks of its pupils; and the University found its consolation for the absence of her teachers in being able to replace them with her own children, like a joyful mother. Some, too, the Church militant claimed for another arm of her service, and summoned to fill the higher posts of the sacred ministry; and in every such case the University was able to supply the loss by the already ripe and mature fruit of her own womb, and even to add to the numerical strength of certain faculties, in order to meet the increased demands of the thickening ranks of its alumni. Thus, of the forty-eight professors who constitute the actual teaching body several are the offspring of

* The American Bishops have lately founded a separate college in the University for their own subjects. The same has also been done by the Dominicans.

the University, and were themselves nurtured beneath those chairs, from which they now, in their turn, dispense the treasures of divine and human wisdom. One of these is the author of the remarkable work to which we now desire to invite the notice of our readers.

"This is eternal life," said our Saviour, "to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." Yet it is difficult to persuade oneself that such is really the conviction of the most part of professing Christians. Certainly we daily encounter multitudes of men content to be reputed of Christ, men of the most cultivated intellect, proficient in the sciences which relate to the life which passes with the hour, who will candidly acknowledge that they have still postponed any serious study of the subject of religion, and have not yet made up their minds upon the truth or falsehood of its momentous doctrines. Greater still, however, is the number of those who loudly avow themselves children of the Church, but whose faith is continually imperilled, or who are continually imperilling the faith of others, for want of a solid and accurate knowledge of the dogmas whose truth they confess and think to defend. On the other hand, it is not a rare thing to find educated persons who affect utterly to discard the claims of revelation, and who do not hesitate to qualify the Christian belief as mere irrational folly; though they have never, unless in the most superficial manner, either listened to the plea advanced for those claims, or investigated the motives of that belief. To each of these classes Professor Laforet's book is addressed. But besides the disbeliever, whether positively or merely negatively such, and the imperfectly-instructed Catholic, even those who are the firmest, as well as those who are the most instructed, may read these volumes with interest and admiration. For there are none who listen with more emotion to the words of a brilliant and graceful apologist of religion than the devout believer; or with a livelier and more heartfelt satisfaction than the clear-sighted theologian. And Professor Laforet has thought so deeply, so clearly, so brightly, and uttered his thoughts so gracefully, that even those who have most closely studied the best and most philosophical apologists and metaphysicians of our generation, will still find here much to refresh their intellect and rejoice their heart.

Dr. Laforet thus states the nature and plan of his work :

"We propose to give an exposition of the Catholic dogmas, to establish the truth of each one in detail, and to vindicate it from the attacks of heresy and unbelief. The method we shall follow is this.

We shall begin with enunciating the dogma as it is taught and defined by the Church, the dogma in its purity and simplicity, being careful to distinguish it from merely theological opinions discussed in the schools: for Catholics are not obliged to make an act of faith in the sentiments of this or that theologian; but solely in the truths which are revealed by God, and proposed as such by the Church, His visible organ upon earth. This simple exposition of each dogma is, to our thinking, of the first importance. We believe that it will often be sufficient to scatter a crowd of prejudices, which rest on no other basis than a false idea of Catholic doctrine. After having thus defined and briefly explained the dogmas, we shall establish its truth by proving that it is revealed by God, and that it was always believed as so revealed by the Church of Jesus Christ. Next we shall advert to the principal errors opposed to each dogma, and the chief attacks of which it has been the object. We shall take especial notice of the errors and objections of our own times: we shall disguise nothing, we shall set down every word urged against our faith by its most serious and competent adversaries of the present day. In the last place, we shall inquire, if, as those adversaries pretend, reason and sound philosophy are indeed interested in rejecting the Catholic belief. We shall therefore enter into a close and thorough examination of the dogma; we shall endeavour to contemplate it by the light of reason, purified and strengthened by faith; and from this divine height there will be no difficulty in perceiving the astonishing frivolity of the thousand objections repeated daily by the crowd of unbelievers, with an assurance which would seem to defy all contradiction. How pitiful and narrow does the philosophy of the rationalist appear when contrasted with the sublime philosophy of Christianity!"

To the plan thus laid down the author has strictly adhered throughout. One by one the dogmas of the Church are simply enunciated, the nature of each is clearly pointed out and explained, and the scope and compass of its terms accurately defined. Mere scholastic opinions and controversies, the speculations of different orders and characters of mind, are carefully detached from the teaching of faith. The primary importance of this method is clear. We cannot conceive any thing more foreign to the spirit of the Church, and therefore more mischievous to the cause of truth, than the audacity, only equalled by its ignorance, which is for ever dictating the pitiful scraps of a limited erudition for dogmatic certainties, and palming off mere bits of controversy as integral portions of divine revelation. Instances are too frequent amongst ourselves of loyal and single-minded inquirers cruelly perplexed and agitated, sometimes even scared from the Church, through having the misfortune to encounter, as they draw near with timid step and anxious scrutiny, some self-sufficient spiritual

coxcomb, who propounds his peculiar "view" as the circumference of orthodoxy, and noisily denounces as heresy whatever is beyond the hazy atmosphere which forms the compass of his own intellectual horizon. The distance of the heavenly from the earthly is the only measure of the gulf which separates the truths of faith from the uncertainties of human opinion: and those only are truly Catholic in heart and mind whose estimate of both is too justly proportioned to their respective claims to allow of any confusion in their thoughts of matters so widely put asunder.

Professor Laforet cannot, however, lay claim to originality for this distinctive feature of his work. Francis Veron, first of post-Tridentine controversialists, devised the plan of endeavouring to gain over his Protestant fellow-countrymen to the truth, by clearly setting before them the dogmas of the Church in their genuine and uncommented simplicity, and endeavouring to fix their attention upon the important fact, that all beside was open to difference of opinion. His prudent and enlightened zeal quickly led him to see that much of the hostility of the separatists was founded on an antipathy to various opinions and practices, which, however generally adopted amongst Catholics, were at least not subject-matter for an act of faith, and consequently ought not to be made a ground of separation from Catholic communion. Accordingly, his invariable method, in those missions of his which resulted in such numerous conversions, was to draw a broad line of demarcation between the dogmas of the Church and the explanations, additions, and comments, which theologians have been pleased to append to them, and thus to begin by clearing away the confusion which human curiosity or self-sufficiency had produced in the science of divine things. Veron's *Rule of Faith* speedily became the text-book of all those whose duty or position engaged them in controversial discussions with Protestants, and, as is well known, was adopted by the celebrated Bishops of Adrianople and Mysia, the brothers De Walemburgh, men whose whole lives had been devoted to polemical studies, as being a manual of controversy than which no better could possibly be produced.*

Again, the credit of the historical method of treating the

* Dr. Veron's *Rule of Faith* was first printed under the auspices of the university to which he belonged, the Sorbonne, at Paris, in 1644. After the author's death, it was reprinted by the De Walemburghs, at Cologne, in 1699; again at Louvain, in 1702; again at Paris, in 1774; at Cologne again (in Latin), in 1779; and again in our own days, along with Berington and Kirk's *Faith of Catholics*, the Declaration of the English and Scottish Vicars-Apostolic, that of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, and other expositions of Catholic Doctrine, at Bonn, in 1844. 2 vols. 8vo.

exposition of dogma, that is, of bringing out its meaning by a history of its appreciation, and of the heresies directly opposed to it, belongs, perhaps, to Dr. Döllinger, at least amongst modern writers; but yet, be the fact as it may, it is undoubtedly an idea which would probably occur to any writer possessed of the penetration which our author exhibits, when engaged upon a work of the sort before us.

The three volumes of the Catholic dogmas which have already appeared are divided into seventeen books, and each book contains from three to six chapters, as may be required to develop the several parts of the author's design, one book being consecrated to each dogma: *e.g.* book ii. to the 'Trinity,' book iii. to the 'Creation,' book ix. to 'Original Sin;' and the chapters serve to distinguish the successive steps involved in its definitive proof, history and vindication, discussion and philosophical illustration. Certain chapters are subdivided into sections, sometimes to avoid too great lengthiness, sometimes for the sake of thus treating separately separable portions of the chapter. Thus, to give a random example of the method pursued: book ix. The Fall—Original Sin, contains six chapters. Chapter i. treats of the trial, fall, and punishment of the father of the human race: ch. ii. of original sin, the doctrine of the Church; section i. exposition of the Tridentine doctrine; sec. ii. explanation of Catholic teaching thereon; sec. iii. consequences of original sin in the next life—what is the lot of children dying unbaptised: ch. iii. origin of the dogma—it is revealed by God—has always been the faith of the Church: ch. iv. the adversaries of the dogma; sec. i. heretics—Pelagians, Protestants, Jansenists; sec. ii. unbelievers: ch. v. theological and philosophical considerations, refutation of rationalism; sec. i. traditions of the nations of antiquity regarding the fall; sec. ii. examination of the nature of man—it is evidently in a fallen and degraded state—refutation of vulgar rationalism; sec. iii. refutation of the hypothesis of Reynaud and others of the pre-existence of souls: ch. iv. continued philosophical reflections and elucidations of the dogmas; sec. i. the mode in which original sin is transmitted to the descendants of the first man; sec. ii. why original sin is transmitted to his descendants—the solidarity of the human race.

The perspicuity, distinctness, and precision, which result from this good order and methodical arrangement, add considerably to the charm with which the high range of our author's thought, his pellucid expositions and grace of language, soon inspire the reader. It at once attracts and leads him on during perusal, and saves him, what many books do not, the

trouble of afterwards analysing and reducing to order what he has read.

Perhaps some of the most beautiful pages in these volumes are those consecrated to the metaphysical elucidation of each dogma; and we shall presently take occasion to put one or two specimens from them before our readers, after allowing Professor Laforet to point out in his own words the proper scope and compass of this order of speculations:

"Our faith," he writes, "in the dogma of the most holy Trinity is not built on arguments derived from reason: its basis, its sure foundation, is the divine revelation proposed by the Church; and whatever our speculations may be, they can never become the first and principal cause of our religious convictions; they can never be more than a secondary and accessory motive of assent. Their proper and legitimate scope is to impart to the soul of the Christian a livelier and more abundant light, to gladden his heart with the enjoyment of that light, and at the same time to draw still closer the ties which attach him to the Christian faith. So much belongs to them as far as regards the believer. With regard to the unbeliever, rational elucidations of this sort are calculated to confound him, or rather to turn him towards the faith by making him see that those dogmas, which he so disdainfully rejects, deserve at least a respectful hearing from every serious mind. Saint Bonaventura, in the preface to his commentary on the first book of the Sentences, seems to me to have summed up well, in a few lines, the general motives which should induce the theologian to employ these philosophical considerations. He distinguishes three classes of men: those who are adversaries of the faith, those who are weak in it, and those who are perfect; and he points out how elucidations of this sort serve to confound the first, to confirm and strengthen the second, and to impart a feeling of joy to the last: 'for there arises,' says he, 'a most sweet joy in the soul when it comprehends what it with a perfect faith believes. Hence those words of St. Bernard: Nothing is so delightful to understand as those truths which we have already learned to believe.' But the seraphic doctor remarks with great justice, that the most laborious efforts of the theologian cannot entirely dispel the obscurity which conceals the mysteries of revelation; faith is still the companion and the protectress of knowledge; it is not reason, but divine authority, which remains always, both for the philosopher and the simplest of the faithful, the chief basis of Christian truth."

Having thus set his foot upon safe ground, Professor Laforet advances boldly. Versed in the philosophical writings of the Greek fathers, and in those of St. Augustine, St. Anselm, St. Thomas, Richard of St. Victor, and other doctors of the Latin Church who have led the way in these sublime paths, he climbs with an unfaltering step the steepest heights

of theological speculation, exhibiting throughout his progress great penetration and subtlety of thought, clearness of view and soundness of judgment. Occupying a chair of intellectual philosophy in Louvain, Professor Laforet may naturally be expected to show himself a lucid and graceful exponent of the realistic sentiments which are well known to unite the suffrages of the theological and philosophical faculties of his University.* He turns his system to good account in his elucidations of the dogmas of the Trinity, Original Sin, and the Incarnation. At the same time, as he gladly acknowledges, he has done little more than transcribe the luminous pages of St. Anselm's treatises on these sublime mysteries.

The following is from the passage in which Dr. Laforet introduces his reader to the principle of the theory :

"What is a nature?—what is a person? What is the difference and what the connection between these two terms? I am a man; I have the human nature. Is there no difference between these two expressions, and can I say that *I am* the human nature with the same propriety and in the same manner as I can say that *I am* a human person? Surely no; reason will not allow it, and language itself bears witness to the difference which subsists between nature and person. Philosophers and theologians are agreed that nature and personality are two distinct things: nature in itself is something general, common, indefinite, or undetermined; personality is that which renders definite, determines, limits, individualises nature: it is, rigorously speaking, the appropriation or individualisation of an intelligent nature. Thus the human nature is something common to all men. As regards nature only, I perceive no difference between my fellow-men and myself; one nature is common to us all; that *something*, which makes a man, which constitutes the essence of the human species, we all alike possess, and it is impossible to point out, so far, the slightest difference between you and me. But this nature, which is common to us both, has a different *mode of existence* in you from that which it has in me; it is differently determined, particularised, appropriated, in you and in me: and I am not speaking of a determination, of a *mode of existence*, which is merely external and accidental; I mean a fundamental and permanent mode of existence, which cleaves to the very essence of the nature, in order to imprint upon it a form of which it cannot afterwards be divested. Now this mode of existence, which is peculiar to me, and by which the human nature individualises itself, determines itself, and assumes a particular form in me, is my *personality*, is that which constitutes me a human person, which enables me to say 'I,' thus distinguishing myself from all that is not 'I.' Nature is communicable, person-

* See on this question the work of Professor Ubaghs, *Nature de nos Idées*; and also his *Problème ontologique des Universaux*. Louvain, 1845.

ality is incommunicable. By virtue of my personality *I am* myself, *I*; and this *I* cannot be communicated to another. . . . It is true that in the order of reality no nature has any existence, except where determined, individualised: an indeterminate being, a being in general merely, cannot be a reality, it is only an abstraction. There is not, therefore, any intelligent nature which really subsists without personality; and that is why philosophers say that personality is the final complement of nature. . . . But, for all that, although inseparable, nature and person still remain distinct things, and one is not identical with the other. The case being so, why cannot there be a plurality of persons in one and the same nature? What is there impossible in the notion, that one and the same nature may be determined, individualised in several modes, that it may have modes of being, individualisations distinct from each other? Evidently no contradiction is here involved, nothing which is repugnant to reason, nothing absolutely impossible."

It is obvious how much light this theory is calculated to throw upon such mysteries as those three to which we just now adverted. By it the unity of nature and diversity of persons in the Trinity may be so illustrated as to present no insuperable difficulty to the intelligence. The identity of the human nature in all the different individuals of our race removes a similar obscurity in the propagation of original sin. The possibility of the personal unity of a duality of natures in Christ becomes at once apparent to the mind.

Our author is, of course, as far as ourselves from attributing to his system any other authority than its just philosophical value. The nominalism of Roscelin and of Occam, the conceptualism of Abailard, and the realism of William de Champeaux, A. Anselm, and Vincent de Beauvais, have each and all had their orthodox as well as heterodox apologists; and the frequent intervention of the Church, during the agitation of this question, as Professor Ubaghs has excellently remarked, has never included any approval or disapproval of either of the three systems. The Council of Compiègne condemned Roscelin, that of Soissons Abailard, that of Paris Amaury de Chartres; but neither nominalism, nor conceptualism, nor realism, were condemned. It was simply the *heresies*, properly such, which brought upon those celebrated men the anathemas of the Church, not their opinions upon the real existence or non-existence of universal substances. If the Church claimed to be a merely human teacher, to hold a purely rational and philosophic creed, the certainty of which was derived from human knowledge, she would undoubtedly be wrong to make such small account of the speculations of metaphysicians. But the dogmas of faith

are not scientific theorems deducible from the principles of reason. The guarantee for them is not human intelligence, but the Divine Word. The Church, therefore, knows well that it is not for her to interpret and modify her doctrines to suit the philosophical systems which may be most in vogue; but on the contrary, for philosophy submissively to accept her doctrines, in order to arrive at truth: doctrines which are none of her invention, but which she has received from the Son of God; doctrines which she is not commissioned to prove by reason, but to teach with authority; doctrines which will remain unchangeable until the consummation of time, despite the variations and contradictions to which philosophic systems must ever be liable. But although the truth of her dogmas is independent of any conceptions of the human mind, the Church, prudent and loving instructress of all, fully appreciates those well-directed speculations of reason which may, directly or indirectly, confirm revelation, and thereby prove most useful to weak souls, and certainly agreeable to all her faithful children, and has ever applauded those who, *without falsifying human science*, make it serve for the defence and consolidation of her doctrines, or for the discomfiture and defeat of her adversaries.

Our present limits forbid us to follow our author through the beautiful pages, full of grace and power, which the foregoing extract serves to introduce. We will, however, transcribe one short reflection, which seems to us singularly happy and suggestive.

After a luminous exposition of the Catholic doctrine of the Divine Generation of God the Son, drawn chiefly from the Monology of St. Anselm, the author thus exclaims:

“Yes, God is indeed a Father; He is so before man, and in a manner infinitely more perfect and complete. And how were it possible for this fecundity, which even creatures enjoy, not to have in God, who is all beauty and perfection, its principle, its source, and its model? What! a created, weak, imperfect being, at every point of his nature touching on non-existence, has this marvellous power of self-reproduction, of drawing forth from his substance a second self; and the Perfect Being, the Being who is all life and activity, does not possess this fruitfulness which He has imparted to miserable creatures! . . . This fruitfulness is a perfection. None, surely, will dream of gainsaying it. But every perfection of the creature is but a reflected light, a mere trace of the perfections of the Creator; and the paternity of man can be but a faint shadow of the Paternity of God.”

From the chapters devoted to “Original Sin,” the following seems to us to point out with peculiar accuracy what is

precisely intended to be conveyed by the Catholic doctrine that original sin involves the *death of the soul*:

“What, in fact, constitutes the life of the soul, in that marvellous plan on which God has deigned to make man? The *life* of the soul consists in the close, affectionate, and supernatural union of the soul with God, its beginning, its stay, and its last end: the *life* of the soul consists, to use the expression consecrated in Christian phraseology, in the friendship of God. Such is the idea which Holy Scripture and the Church constantly give us of this life, which is not mere ordinary and natural life, but a superior and divine life, fed and maintained not simply by that necessary breath of God, without which all created life would be instantly extinguished, but by that sweeter, gentler, more penetrating breath, which is called grace. Animated with this life, man is no longer a simple creature of God, nor yet solely His subject; he becomes His friend—the friend of His confidence, His well-beloved son. . . . The life of the soul, thus understood and defined, it is easy to understand also what is meant by the *death of the soul*, the result of sin. The death of the soul is naught else than the direct and immediate consequence of the rupture of this supernatural and affectionate union with God; and that rupture is brought about by sin. The man in whom this union is broken has lost the life of the soul; his soul is dead in God's sight, and he is *in the state* of sin. Accordingly, as, in consequence of Adam's transgression, we are all born destitute of that justice and sanctity which constituted in him that superior life of the soul, we are thereby born in the state of the *death of the soul*, and so in *the state* of sin. We are truly born in sin, *not in the act* of sin, but *in the state* of sin, since we are born in a state of rupture with God, destitute of that justice and sanctity by which He had desired to be united to man. There is, then, in this privation of justice and sanctity, *sin*, truly such, which is really the death of the soul, as the Council of Trent declares. And this it is exactly which properly constitutes that sinfulness which we partake by our origin, and which we call original sin.”

After this luminous exposition, it becomes easy to form a clear view of the eternal lot of those who die unbaptised, but without actual guilt of their own. They are necessarily, indeed, excluded from the beatific vision, which is impossible to their state, and consequently from the *supernatural* happiness attaching thereto; but this exclusion does not involve their spirit in any grief, in any sadness, in any affliction. On the contrary, their natural capacity alone is the measure of their eternal happiness. The beatific vision, and the ineffable felicity belonging to it, *does not appertain to the natural order, but to the supernatural order*, to the order of grace; and “*eternal life*,” or the life of heaven, *is the continuation and crown of that supernatural and divine life of the soul*,

which our nature has lost, and in which it can only be rehabilitated by justification in holy baptism. But the very knowledge of this truth is *concealed from unregenerate nature*: it belongs to the sacrament of Faith. Consequently, while these souls possess, and possess eternally, all the happiness of which their nature admits, they have another happiness still, not to know that they might have been rendered capable of yet greater happiness.

We have already said that Professor Laforet is a realist: in the question, therefore, of the mode in which the original stain is transmitted, he is, of course, led to prefer the system known in the schools as *traducianism*, or *generationism*. Here again, as on other philosophico-theological points of discussion, the professor fairly represents, we believe, the unanimous sentiments of the faculty of Louvain.

Traducianism is the term given (in the first instance, by the Pelagians) to that opinion which holds that the human soul is derived in generation from parent to offspring, is propagated like the body and with it, not of course from a material principle, but from a spiritual principle. According to this system, Almighty God, when He created our nature, placed in its two first representatives, as in those of every other nature upon the earth, all the principles necessary to its reproduction, not only as regards the body, but also as regards the soul. As the material principle in parents imparts to their children material life, so it is asserted does the spiritual principle impart to them spiritual life; and this twofold being thus communicated, takes an individual form, which is in the same way capable of indefinite reproduction. This must be allowed to have been a very prevalent sentiment amongst theologians until the twelfth century, and is the doctrine of St. Augustine and St. Anselm. The contrary opinion, viz. that individual souls are created directly by God, and infused into human bodies, is the doctrine, after some of the fathers, of the author of the Sentences, and after him of the scholastics generally. Our author, of course, allows that this theory also, which is called *creationism*, may be conciliated with the transmission of original guilt; but whether it is that his own convictions were too strongly in the opposite direction, or he is less capable of making the system intelligible, his pleading "on the other side" seems, to say the least, obscure. Foremost amongst the defenders of generationism, in the present age, stands the pious and learned Klee (*Katholische Dogmatik*, tom. ii. p. 313, cited by our author). He found an antagonist in the celebrated Father Perrone, who, in his treatise *De Deo Creatore* (part iii. cap. iv. no.

472, n. 2), seems to have yielded to an impulse to dispose of the argument somewhat cavalierly, for which he received a severe and dignified castigation at the hands of Professor Beelen, in an article of great ability and erudition, which appeared in the *Revue Catholique* for September 1847 (see vol. v. p. 349), and in which the Louvain theologian must be owned to have succeeded in demolishing F. Perrone's claim to the authority of St. Thomas, for qualifying the opinion opposed to his own as "heretical."* Both systems are equally orthodox in the sight of the Church: to speak more accurately, neither of them enters at all into the question of orthodoxy. As we have remarked above, the Church is not a school of philosophy, but the organ of divine revelation. Generationist and creationist, accepting alike her dogma, must be content to hold their own theories upon the tenure of such speculations, without expecting a decision on her part respecting the merits or deficiencies of their arguments. The traducianist theory, adopted by Professor Laforet, is undoubtedly calculated to remove much difficulty from some minds too dull, or too penetrating, as the case may be, to appreciate the subtleties of creationism. For we confess, if the soul be naturally begotten by generation, not only is nothing easier to conceive than the derivation of original sin from parent to offspring *by propagation*,† but this derivation must result to every heir of the human nature, proceeding from it *merely naturally*, as a matter of necessity; for, since the human nature is communicated whole and entire by parents to their offspring, it is clear that it can only be communicated *such as it is*, viz. in a fallen and disordered state, and with whatever disease or disqualification the prevarication of our first parents wrought to their entire being. On the other hand, we cannot pretend, with Descartes, that facility and clearness are always the tests of the truth of an idea.

We think it is a regrettable omission on the part of our author that he has not thought well, in his exposition of Catholic doctrine touching the Blessed Virgin, which forms the title of book xii., to devote a chapter to the philosophical elucidation of the dogma of her immaculate conception, so recently defined by the Church. The substitution of some otherwise interesting reflections on our Blessed Lady's part in

* Klee's own reply to Perrone's ungracious denunciation is highly illustrative of German imperturbability: "ein sonst sehr achtbarer italiänischer Dogmatiker hat sich die Sache gegen den Generationismus viel zu leicht gemacht." *Kat. Dog.*, edit. 2, vol. ii. p. 318.

† "Adæ peccatum *propagatione*, non imitatione transfusum omnibus, inest unicuique *proprium*." *Conc. Trid.* sess. v. Decret. de pecc. or can. 2.

the plan of redemption, her dignity and privileges, scarcely compensates the reader for his disappointment at not finding any attempt made to place this mystery in the light of a more perfect intelligence, and clear it from those objections, drawn from rational considerations, which used formerly to be urged against its truth. To so instructed and thoughtful a writer, the task would not have been difficult; and we think the gain to many of those, for whose advantage he has written, would have been, to say the least, more complete.

Here we must for the present take leave of our author. The fourth volume of his work is announced to be soon forthcoming, in which will be completed the treatise on the sacraments, only commenced in the third volume, and the final destinies of man, viz. death, judgment, heaven, and hell. We hope on its appearance to resume our notice of the work, and to make some remarks upon those portions of it which we have this time been with reluctance compelled to pass over, especially the treatises on grace and on the Church. We trust, however, that the few words we have said will induce many of our readers to procure the three volumes already issued; and we are confident that the perusal of them will eminently serve to realise the prayer of the pious author, and "to illumine, confirm, and rejoice their souls, and make them feel more than ever the assurance that the Holy Church, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman, alone possesses the true words of life for time and for eternity."

LOUIS BLANC'S HISTORICAL REVELATIONS.*

GREAT men are for the most part little, Dr. Johnson and Jacob Omnium in anywise to the contrary notwithstanding, as the lawyers say. We concede at once, and without compulsion, what little M. Louis Blanc labours earnestly to prove, namely, that he is a greater man than my Lord Normanby, to whom he dedicates his Revelations—a compliment which his lordship will no doubt accept at its true value. Certainly there are degrees of magnitude; and our estimate of the venerable Phipps is perhaps not so high as to make it impossible for us to imagine a size larger without invoking the gigantesque. But be this as it may, we have

* 1848. *Historical Revelations: inscribed to Lord Normanby.* By Louis Blanc. Chapman and Hall.

examined M. Blanc's contribution to history with much interest. The narrative of a principal actor in a course of events which, in our own times and within our view, has smothered the light of one dynasty in ignoble ashes, and blown the smouldering sparks of another into a fierce and possibly a consuming blaze, cannot but be well worth the attention and consideration of all those who care to form a correct judgment on the great social questions which continue to agitate the whole European family of nations. M. Blanc must be studied as the acknowledged preacher and prophet of a large brigade of the socialistic army; and setting aside a liberal leaven of that irritable vanity which somehow seems inseparable from "universal philanthropy," he is an able expounder of the views of his party, and an acute critic in detecting the fallacies and failings of his opponents, among whom must be reckoned, as usual in such cases, nearly all his colleagues and many of his friends. Into his narrative and reasonings we leave our readers to look for themselves. We shall merely cull a few flowers of literature from the broad field of French politics. Here is a blossom from the *Univers*:

"Through the last event God speaks. The revolution of 1848 is a notification of Divine Providence. No conspiracy could have turned society upside-down in such a manner, and in so short a time. Who thinks to-day of defending monarchy? France fancied she was still royalist, while she was already republican. Monarchy at present has not a partisan left. There will be no more sincere republicans than the French Catholics."

We beg to offer an amended version to M. Veuillot for insertion in his next number:

"Through the last event God speaks. The *coup-d'état* of 1852 was a notification of Divine Providence. No conspiracy could have turned society upside-down in such a manner and in so short a time. Who thinks to-day of defending republicanism? France fancied she was still republican, while she was already imperial. Republicanism at present has not a partisan left. There will be no more sincere imperialists than the French Catholics." *Communiqué.*

Our next extract is a contribution to polite letter-writing from no less a person than General Changarnier:

"TO THE MINISTER OF WAR.

Monsieur le Ministre,—I request the republican government to make use of my devotedness to France. I solicit the command of the troops on the frontier most threatened with war. My experience in managing soldiers, the confidence which the army reposes in me, an impassioned love of glory, *la volonté et l'habitude de vaincre*, will, I trust, enable me successfully to perform my duties.

What I venture to say regarding myself is not to be considered as the expression of a childish vanity, but as the outpouring of my ardent desire to devote all my faculties to the service of my country.

CHANGARNIER."

M. Blanc appends a note to the untranslated words: "I leave this phrase in the original, for I confess myself unable to render it into English." We have the same difficulty; and can only suggest some middle term between "bosh" and "gammon," as correctly rendering the grand sentiment of the mighty warrior. How odd it is that the custom of conquering did not save such a paladin from being snuffed out by one who seems rather to exercise the *volonté* than to talk about it! However, to be equal-handed, here is a voice from La Vendée. M. de la Rochejaquelein *loquitur*, after being snubbed a little by M. Blanc for interrupting him when busy governing:

"'Never mind! never mind!' he exclaimed, in a somewhat hurried manner; 'I have nothing particular to tell you. I only wished to let you know what feelings such marvels as these awaken in my heart. *Ah! que c'est beau! que c'est beau!*' Then he clasped me in his arms and went out."

Alas for the name of noble Count Henri, the young hero, the inspiration of whose lofty courage turned a handful of peasants into a victorious army, and all but stayed the fall of a crumbling monarchy! Our fourth extract is the portrait of the chief member of the provisional government, etched by our author with plenty of aqua-fortis, and finished with a keen burin. Verily Alphonse catches it handsomely.

"He is incessantly labouring under a self-exalting hallucination. He dreams about himself marvellous dreams, and believes in them. He sees what is not visible; he opens his inward ear to impossible sounds, and takes delight in narrating to others any tale his imagination narrates to him. Honest and sincere as he is, he would never deceive you, were he not himself deceived by the familiar demon who sweetly torments him. His eminent qualities I do acknowledge; but in his narratives I cannot find any thing else than the confessions of a *haschisch*-eater."

"Such is M. de Lamartine," says our author; and we do not feel called upon to contradict him. The last figure in our gallery of illustration must be Louis Napoleon himself. M. Blanc has had more than one interview with him. The most interesting was with the prisoner of Ham; and he details the attacks and parries of the conversational fencing-match played between the republican socialist and the callow emperor:

"But when the question arose what the future should be, we began to dissent. As he professed to be a true democrat, and to acknowledge in full the principle of the sovereignty of the people :

'How is this principle to be carried out in your opinion?' I asked.

He answered unhesitatingly : 'Through universal suffrage.'

So much for universal suffrage by itself; but, after further talk, M. Blanc seeks to look deeper into the dark smooth pool :

"Well then, it is not enough for you to acknowledge the sovereignty of the people, and to bow passively to universal suffrage. You must have, as a member of the whole, a clear notion of your intended initiative; you must have, beyond your worship of universal suffrage, a political creed.'

Louis Bonaparte looked a little embarrassed; but after a moment's silence : 'My creed,' said he, 'is the empire. Was it not the empire that raised the French nation to the summit of greatness and glory? I am convinced that the destiny of the empire rests on the national will.'

'But the empire involves, I suppose, the hereditary principle?'

'Yes.'

We see no reason to doubt the fidelity of M. Blanc in reciting this remarkable conversation, which so clearly indicated the policy and aspirations of Napoleon III.

We have already alluded to the author's feud with our former ambassador at Paris. As to Lord Normanby's alleged misrepresentations and calumnies, the case breaks down. It is clear, from M. Blanc's own version of the facts, that his lordship's sins amount to little more than occasional slips and errors, arising from the difficulty of procuring accurate information during a time of popular tumult and convulsion. The gravamen of the charge is, in truth, that M. Blanc's personal importance is not brought out with sufficient prominence, and that, after three weeks (monstrous interval of time!), "the then ambassador of England was totally ignorant of the manner in which the provisional government had been formed." Lord Normanby's inability to number or test the relative strength of the strands which made up that rope of sand which was to bind all France in the bonds of liberty, fraternity, and equality, affords no ground whatever for a charge of want of sense and honesty.

We must not omit, in conclusion, to compliment M. Blanc on his really wonderful mastery of the English language, in which he has written. We are heartily glad that in England he finds a safe asylum from the storms which have cast him

on our shores; and all the harm we wish him is, a speedy deliverance from "sublime ideas,"—those wretched delusions which do such infinite damage to the cause of true liberty; the unclouded exercise of his mental faculties, which are undoubtedly of no mean order; and a sound course of religious instruction (of which he is sadly in need), beginning with the first catechism. At the same time we would remind him, that although England may be, as he politely says, "not only a safe place of refuge for every foreigner who, in his native land, has fallen a victim to civil discords, but, in fact, the last sanctuary in Europe open to the human mind itself;" yet it is possible to have too much of a good thing. John Bull may at last be so burdened with "oppressed nationalities" as to become an "oppressed nationality" himself; in which case he will show as small respect for persons as the animal whose name he bears does for the contents of a china-shop. In spite of British juries, and fêtes to Mr. Edwin James, the patriots of Leicester Square will find grenades apt to explode to the discomfiture of the artists in murder who manufacture for the conspiracy market.

LORD MONTAGUE'S TROUBLES.

WHILST ruinous fines, long imprisonment, and death, were the lot of hundreds of Catholics during the Elizabethan period in England, it must not be supposed that those who escaped the more grievous persecutions went scot-free. We give an account of the petty vexations to which one of the most illustrious of the English nobility was subjected. This was Viscount Montague, a man whose fidelity and loyalty to a queen who so sorely persecuted the religion which he sincerely followed, was quite Quixotic; one of the few Catholics for whom she had any regard, and a personal friend of more than one of her ministers. At the time of the Armada no Protestant was more forward in assisting her and arming his retainers against the King of Spain, who rather selfishly withheld his assistance from the poor suffering Catholics of England till the death of the Scottish queen, lest he should be instrumental in gaining the kingdom not for himself but another. Yet even Lord Montague could not escape persecution; a manifest proof of the utter falsehood of Lord Burghley's declaration, that Catholics were only punished for their disloyalty, and not for their religion.

It seems that Lord Montague, not wishing his infant daughter, who was born in Lord Chancellor Buckhurst's house, at which his wife was staying at the time, and with whom he was on terms of intimacy, to be baptised by a Protestant, baptised her himself. For this heinous offence he was "convented" before the Lord Keeper and Archbishop of Canterbury, and made to explain the whole transaction; then was obliged to give a list of all his servants, and compelled to dismiss all who were Catholics—who, on their part, were obliged to enter into bonds not to serve him any more. At least so we gather from the following documents, which will more fully explain the matter:

*"Sir John Puckering (Lord Keeper) to Lord Buckhurst (Lord Chancellor)."**

My very good Lord,—My Lord of Canterbury went but now from me after 8 o'clock, and would have joined with me in this letter, but that it was so late. What we find, I considered it in writing afterwards, and read it to my Lord Viscount, who alloweth it to be true. It seemeth he dealeth truly with us, and he hath set down the recusants that be his servants, and will deliver us a further note of all his servants' and followers' names, to see if any of them will be proved to be recusants. If there be any thing else that shall be thought fit, upon understanding had thereof, it shall be done. We mean to certify by word of mouth on Sunday our doings, unless your lordship will have it done sooner; and if you will have any of this to be put in writing and delivered over, I would understand your mind, as one that always loveth you and your friends, and shall be glad when I am doing any thing to show it. My lord must be content to receive punishment here of ill diet and worse lodging. I pray the good lady to be comforted, for I hope this shall do good. And so in haste I bid your lordship farewell, sending you these two other papers enclosed, that yourself may see them burned. Your lordship's assuredly,

JOHN PUCKERING.

P.S. When your lordship hath perused this scribbled note, it may please you to return it."

The two papers were not burned, but are still in existence, and are as follows:

"The Examination of the Lord Viscount Montague before the Lord of Canterbury and the Lord Keeper, taken this 22d May 1594."†

Being demanded whether he did christen his daughter lately born, he confesseth that he so did. Being asked what moved him so to do, and whether he had any dispensation from Rome, or from any person in Rome, so to do, he asked us if we asked him by way of

* Harleian. 6998, p. 139.

† Ibid. p. 141.

question, or that we demand the same in her Majesty's name or by commandment; for if we demand that or any thing else in her Majesty's name, or by commandment, he saith he will truly answer us to every thing we will ask him. Being put in remembrance that we had told him it was her Majesty's command, he then said that he protested in his loyalty to her Majesty, and as he should be saved, that he never had any dispensation to do that, or to come to church, or for any thing else.

But the reason that moved him thus to do, was for that he having consented to the christening of his son, his former child, after the manner now used, that said child dying the day appointed for the christening, and was upon the sudden christened by a woman, it did after trouble his conscience; and one Robert Barnes,* a gentleman dwelling near to this examinant, a recusant, came to tell this examinant of his son's death; and this examinant said then to the said Barnes that he thought it was God's punishment to take away his son, because this examinant had consented to have it christened after the manner now used, and therefore said, if ever God sent him any more children, he would take another course for it. And he thinks there were then present his now servants, Robert Gage, his gentleman-usher; William Danby, the gentleman of his horse; Christopher Withewe, that useth to receive some rents for him and to pay wages; John Webb, one of his chamber; and Nicholas Rigby, of his wardrobe; all of which be recusants. He saith that a little before the birth of his daughter, being at Cowdry, the said Barnes came to him as his neighbour, but had no conference with him about matters of religion. And after this examinant sent for Barnes as his neighbour; and after he heard of the birth of his daughter, being at Cowdry, he told Barnes of it, but had no speech with him or any other concerning the christening of it. And this examinant coming up to his wife, lying at the Lord of Buckhurst's house in London, the Lord of Buckhurst moved him to think of godfathers and godmothers for the christening; and this examinant answered that the manner of christening troubled his conscience, and prayed his lordship to be contented he would cause it to be christened according to his conscience; and the Lord of Buckhurst utterly misliking the same, saying he would withstand it, and this examinant said, it should be done, that he should not know it, by some that he would privily bring thither, if his lordship would not know it, which he meant to be done by some woman that he would bring to see his wife; to which the Lord of Buckhurst said, he would then look better to him, and he would make sure there should no such act be done

* There is a long account of this persecuted gentleman in the Appendix to the third volume of Tierney's edition of Dodd's Church History, taken from the Stonyhurst manuscripts. He was imprisoned for a year and three-quarters in the Gatehouse, without fire or candle, and nearly perished from cold, disease, and want, by Mr. Topcliffe's direction, on suspicion of having had a Mass said for the success of the Spaniards. He was at another time convicted in a *præmunire*, and lost every thing he had.

there, and if any came thither to do any such thing (putting his fist to his mouth), he very earnestly said, he would pull them in pieces with his teeth; whereupon he, finding my lord thus earnest and miscontented, and this examinant's conscience being troubled, he devised how he might christen the child himself, being persuaded in conscience that himself or any other might do it in case of necessity. To have it baptised by himself, that it might not receive baptism otherwise, he one night, sitting by his wife, till occasion drew every body in the chamber to be busy about his wife, save one woman rocking the child, he took occasion of some matter to be done for my lady, sent that woman forth for it, saying he would see to the rocking of the child, if need were, till she came again; and the woman being gone about the business, he having taken his wife's little silver box, wherein sugar was commonly put, having put forth the sugar, and put some water therein, and bringing it under his hat, laying his hat on the cradle, he took as much water as he could in his hands, putting it on the child's face, making therewith a cross, saying, 'I baptise thee, Mary, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

And protesteth that no person gave him counsel thus to do, nor any person was privy that he would do it. And afterwards he told the Lord of Buckhurst, moving this examinant again about the christening, telling this examinant that he would cause it to be christened; this examinant told the Lord of Buckhurst that the child was christened, and upon more circumstances in speech told him in some sort how he had done it by the water and the said box, and that he held it to be well done; and this examinant said, 'What, it is impossible!' and this examinant said, 'Search, my lord, it is true.'

And this examinant, after going down to Cowdry, he there told the said Barnes what he had done; and Barnes said he had done a great matter: God send this examinant well to an end with it.

He saith he hath no chapel in his house, nor any service there said; but that himself saith his private prayers in Latin, at which Barnes hath most commonly been with him, and no other at any time, unless some one of his chamber came by chance; and denieth any other kind of service or prayer to be done by him or in his presence.

He saith he was never taught or instructed in this point of baptism by any person, or hath had conference with any therein at any time, any other than he heard his grandmother tell Dr. Langdale, that one child, that was lately before born in her house, died. She had christened it before it died, and asked the doctor if she had done well: and he said, it was well done; and upon this and some books that this examinant had received, and called Navarre,—part of Bellarmine,—and some others of cases of conscience, touching matrimony and baptism, and hearing some speech sometimes by word of argument amongst men,—he was persuaded in his conscience that this his manner of christening his daughter was well done.

Being demanded by whom he was at any time instructed in matters of religion, he saith only by the said Dr. Langdale in his grandfather's house ; albeit there were also three other priests, viz. Garnett, Grey, and Francis Ryther, two of them at one time, and the other two at another time ; but he was never instructed by any of them but Dr. Langdale only, saving sometimes he conferred with Mr. Grey.

This examinant further calleth to remembrance three other recusants in his house, viz. Henry Watson and his wife, who was this examinant's nurse ; and John Arderne, the keeper of his park, who now cometh to the church, as this examinant is informed : and these before-named recusants he had not taken into service, but that they were servants to his grandfather at the time of his death, and were well favoured by him and by this examinant's father.

And this examinant is heartily sorry that in these matters he hath offended her Majesty ; and that he would suffer any punishment to recover her gracious favour, and will do as her Majesty shall command touching the premises, owing and holding his most bounden loyalty to her Majesty."

He then gives in a list of his servants (more than a hundred), of whom the following only are recusants :*

Rob. Gage, gentleman-usher.

Wm. Danby, gentleman of my horse.

Christopher Whitehewe, a general dealer of my affairs.

John Webb, attendant in my chamber.

Henry Williamson, clerk of the kitchen.

Nicholas Rigby, keeper of my apparel.

Antony, my boy.

George Woodward.

Elizabeth Williamson, nurse.

Lord Chancellor Buckhurst was quite satisfied with Lord Montague's answer, as we may see by the following letter :

" To the Right Honourable the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

My very good Lord,—I find how much I am bound to your lordship for your lordship's kind dealing towards me, and specially in this matter, so much importing the comfort of my wife and me, which I will never forget with all faithful love and friendship most thankfully to requite unto you. Touching the examinant, I do think in my conscience he dealeth most truly with you ; for I take him to be in his sayings most just and honourable, and that for all the world he will not affirm an untruth. Your lordship hath set down his answer so well, as I think there cannot be a better declaration of it than for her Majesty to read it ; so as if first to-morrow or next day your lordship send it to Sir John Woolley to present to her Majesty, because he was the messenger to your lordship from her highness, and after on Sunday deliver by word of mouth what else you shall think

* Harleian, 6998, p. 149.

fit, I would think it not the worst way. But I refer all to my Lord of Canterbury and your lordship what shall please you. I am sorry he is thus a trouble to your lordship; but I hope, considering his answer, it will not be long. I do return to your lordship your writings, and do beseech your lordship to burn this. To-morrow in the forenoon or afternoon, before I go to the court, I will see your lordship, because verbally I may somewhat to her Majesty. And thus resting all and ever your lordship's most assured for ever to command,

T. BUCKHURST.*

We find afterwards† a recognisance from Christopher Whitehewe in 100*l.*, and from Nicholas Rigby in 50*l.* The condition not to serve Lord Montague, or come to his house without the Queen's permission; but Whitehewe is allowed to attend Lord Montague's next audit to present his accounts. Then follows a recognisance from Wm. Danby in 100 marks; John Webb in 40*l.*; George Woodward and Henry Williamson the same, on the same conditions as the former.

Such incidents as this show the horrible nature of the persecution. A father baptises his own child; as a punishment, he is obliged to turn out of doors all his Catholic dependants, to take the bread out of their mouths; and they are bound under penalties not to come near him again. We can easily see how this diabolical system stripped the chief Catholics of all their followers, made a division between the lord and his dependants, and finally succeeded in rooting out Catholicity from the English poor. The noble scarcely had toleration for his religion, even when his loyalty was most unimpeachable. He was only connived at, on the condition of withdrawing all his support from his poorer co-religionists.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Oratory Hymns. By the Very Rev. F. W. Faber; set to music by Wilhelm Schulthes. (Lond., Ewer and Co.) These hymns are compositions of some merit, and more pretension. The composer has aimed to combine a religious style with a distinct and characteristic melody for each hymn, such as to suit the spirit of the words. The melodies are intended to be easy, and easily learned by school-children; of limited compass; and as flowing, attractive, and interesting as possible.

As to religious style, seeing that we hold that no style is in itself re-

* Harleian, 7942, p. 297.

† Ibid. p. 154.

ligious or otherwise, apart from its associations, we cannot say that the style of these hymns is not religious ; but we submit that the associations which some of them call up are not so. Possibly the composer did not think that Beethoven's glorious choral symphony was sufficiently familiar to the congregations of the Oratory to make it dangerous for him to transplant out of its whirling scherzo the passage in the first hymn, which goes to the words " Most ancient of all mysteries ; " but for ourselves we can only say that the continuation of the hymn leaves us in a state of blank disappointment with the crude progression which takes the place of Beethoven's climax. We know that Mr. Schulthes has simplified, if not improved, Beethoven's harmonies ; but we assure him that this does not in the least smother the plagiarism. Apart from this, the first hymn is certainly fine ; and the second is much finer, though it seems to us fitter for a sacred solo song than a congregational hymn. The modulations, though rather extreme, are smooth, the melody is grand, and the harmonies rich. In No. 4, the hymn of the Infant Jesus, the composer seems to have caught the complaint of confounding the childish with the childlike ; while in No. 7, " Immaculate, Immaculate," the close, however effective, is simply the rant of the tenor in one of Bellini's operas, when he is concluding his declaration of eternal fidelity to his *bell' idolo*. The other hymns present nothing remarkable, except the crude cadence in that of the Precious Blood, and a too frequent use of extreme sharp sixths, and other sour chords, surely unfit for such short and oft-repeated strains as hymns must necessarily be. For all this, Mr. Schulthes appears to be a man who has learned his craft, though we doubt if he has the genius to effect a revolution in congregational singing.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Domestic Annals of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution. By Robert Chambers. 2 vols. (Edinburgh, Chambers.) It would be interesting to trace the gradual change in the idea of the object of historical writing and research which is now in progress. Mediæval and barbaric annals follow only the court, the temple, and the camp ; classical histories set up the state, the most precious and most valued acquisition of ancient civilisation, as the object of their teaching. In both personal and domestic details are only so far allowable as they are necessary for the elucidation of politics, war, or religion. Individual life, and its developments, however interesting to the reader, were scarcely thought a worthy object of the writer ; he could not stoop so low. But the human heart has at last overcome all opposing scruples. Free trade in literature has at last caused the supply to follow the demand ; and the popularity of biography and the novel has made historians turn their attention to the same phase of life which those branches of literature describe. History now, like them, appeals to the interest felt in the ordinary pursuits, adventures, characters, and fortunes of individuals as such, independently of their bearing on the destiny and fortunes of the state. Social instead of political phenomena and statistics occupy now the attention of historians. But as the province of historians is only to draw wide generalisations, which shall include all the facts laboriously amassed by annalists and historical collectors, of course this organic change of history implies an organic change in the collections from which it draws its materials. Formerly, collectors gave us only so much of state-papers as was necessary for the elucidation of political events.

Now the same people will cull out those things which throw light on personal character, and on popular life and opinions. The present volumes furnish a case in point. They are domestic, not political, annals, and they will be found to furnish much information to those who wish to trace the influence of Protestantism on men's lives and manners. In these cases Mr. Chambers is, on the whole, fair to Catholics; and some of his revelations will probably stir the bile of the Scotch Presbyterians; for instance:

"Morton may be taken as an example of a class of public men in that rude and turbulent time, who were to all appearance earnest Christians of the reforming and evangelical stamp, and nevertheless allowed themselves a license in every wickedness, even to treachery and murder, whenever they had a selfish object in view; or, more strangely still, when the interests of religion, in their view of the matter, called on them so to act. Nothing is more remarkable in the history of this period than the coincidence of wicked and equivocal actions and pious professions in the same person."

Many an extract might be made to illustrate "the merciless measures for repressing the Catholic faith, and the desperate practices of the Catholics for relief;" the ministers sent by the Assembly to the Catholic nobles to "plant themselves in their families for the purpose of converting them from their errors;" the excommunications—no light matter in Scotland, but one which men offered to die rather than endure—and imprisonments of those that heard mass or harboured priests; priests set in the pillory, with their "mass-clothes" about them and the chalice in their hand, and chalice and vestments publicly burnt; the progress of persecution against the Catholics throughout the reign of James I. (of England) going hand-in-hand with the progress of his measures for introducing the Anglican episcopacy; how all ministers found that "taking order with Popery" was a sure means of setting up a falling popularity: in a word, the references to this subject are so numerous that these volumes become quite necessary to an inquirer in that line.

Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age. By W. E. Gladstone. 3 vols. (Oxford.) Our impression, gathered from a hasty reading of these three large volumes, is, that Mr. Gladstone has failed to get up his subject as well as he might have done, with all the aids of German and other erudition which were at hand. For example, in the second volume, entitled "Olympus, or the Religion of the Homeric Age," almost the only two terms of comparison that he uses are the Bible and Homer. He quite overlooks, or rather deliberately rejects, the assistance he might have gathered from other monuments of religion. Even supposing that he is right in refusing to explain Homer by Hesiod and the later Greeks, can he give any really valid reason why the poet is to be explained by the Hebrew Bible rather than by the Indian Vedas or the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments? It appears to us that his basis is arbitrary, his method bad, and his conclusions fanciful and uncertain. Unhappy *finis* for so laborious and so meritorious an undertaking! In spite of this, as might be expected from a man of the author's talents, his work abounds with just and often memorable observations; and a great deal may be gained from it by an attentive reader.

The Knights of St. John, with the Battle of Lepanto and Siege of Vienna. (London, Burns and Lambert.) This is a volume with much of the charm of a romance of chivalry; it is historical in its basis, but exaggerated in its details. The author, carried away by his enthusiasm,

describes hosts of ferocious Turks kept at bay or repulsed by the stalwart arm of a single aged knight, quite in the spirit of the fables of the Round Table. There is also an absence of the artistic power which enables a writer to put a clear picture before the imagination; the events are generalised, confused, and dismembered. Yet for all this, the book is very taking, the interest is high and noble, and the principles of the writer are really religious. We highly recommend it, especially for the reading of the young.

The Life of St. Charles Borromeo. Edited by Edw. Healy Thompson, M.A. (London, Burns and Lambert.) In all the volumes edited by Mr. Thompson, the one thing which strikes us as especially valuable is his uncompromising exposition of the truth. Nothing but the whole truth will satisfy him. Never was there a braver or sincerer illustrator of St. Augustine's axiom, that historical truth is the recorded judgment of God, and that he who falsifies history falsifies the express teaching of the Supreme Judge. Nothing can be weaker than the ecclesiastical historian's concealment of ancient corruptions for fear of giving scandal. Much more scandal is given by such concealment than by the opposite course. First, the author, if he be important enough to be studied, is sure to be found out, and to have his ears nailed to the pillory as a liar. The next is a much graver misfortune: he actually obscures one of the notes of the Church. Wicked rulers and a corrupted clergy are part of the evidence of truth. Why have not all the magnificent promises made to the Church in the prophetic parts of Scripture received their full effect? Because all these promises were conditional, and we have over and over again broken the conditions. If we have uniformly done our parts, then it will follow that God has not performed his. The historian who weakly conceals what he fancies may be scandalous, commits the much greater scandal of implying that God has been unfaithful to his promise. We knew a priest at Rome, who, when conducting a party of Protestants round St. Peter's, stopped opposite the slab that covers Alexander VI., and said, "Here lies the glory of the Church." His companions thought he was joking; he was perfectly serious. "I consider him to have been one of the greatest notes of the Church. If any man could have corrupted her, he was the person; yet she has contracted no trace of error, no stain of false decisions in morals from his reign." Bad Popes as well as good may be used to point morals, all equally to the honour of the Church.

Mr. Thompson therefore fears not to set forth the "afflicting picture of the degradation and corruption of a large portion of the clergy and religious of the time" of St. Charles. To suppress it would have been to leave much of the sin of the sixteenth century unaccounted for. To insist that the Church of that period was spotless in her ministers, is to tell us that God permitted the Church, while in the very fervour of purity, to fall to pieces by her own weight and incoherence, and to be conquered by those external foes which our Lord promised should never prevail against her.

Amidst all this we are presented with a compressed picture of the great reforming saint, who renewed the religion of Lombardy, and prevented that fair region being lost to the Church. We could have wished that some portions of the saint's life had been given at greater length, even at the expense of a further compression of the rest; on the same principle that we would, while teaching the skeleton of universal history, take some particular period, and cause the student to work it out into all its ramifications. The book is one of some value; and would have been of more, if the dates of its different events had been more clearly defined.

Correspondence.

[We willingly insert the following correction of a mistake into which we fell in an article in our April Number; but we cannot permit this letter to be made a precedent for allowing all our correspondents to correct our mistakes in fact at such length.—ED.]

WAS DR. LINGARD ACTUALLY A CARDINAL?

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—It was only lately that accident placed in my hands the new publication which Cardinal Wiseman entitles his *Recollections of the last four Popes*. Running my eye hastily over the table of contents, it rested at length on the chapter dedicated to “the English Cardinalate;” and as the subject was, not unnaturally, calculated to excite my curiosity, I turned to it at once, in hope of having that curiosity gratified. I own that I was disappointed. The chapter, I found, contained only a disparaging account of Bishop Baines, and an attempt, under the guise of praise, and with arguments endorsed by you as conclusive, to detract from the consideration in which Dr. Lingard is supposed to have been held at Rome. It was not a production which, under any circumstances, could suggest a very exalted idea either of the good taste or good feeling of the writer; but, as regarded the part dedicated to Dr. Lingard, it was rendered more offensive by the mode in which it sought to accomplish its object,—by the misrepresentations which it contained, and the charges of dishonesty, either insinuated or implied, which it levelled against “the only meagre biography yet published” of the historian. It occurred to me at once that statements so unfounded, and insinuations so injurious, ought not to pass without remark. An argument, which had already obtained the assent of your reviewer, would probably mislead others; and I thought therefore that, as the author whom the Cardinal had honoured with his strictures, though he had not condescended to name me, I might venture to demand a short space in your pages, wherein to reply to his Eminence.

It has often struck me as a matter of surprise, that amidst professions of the warmest admiration of the talents, the virtues, and the writings of Dr. Lingard, Cardinal Wiseman should have exhibited a constant and unwearied anxiety to deprive him of the only trifling honour on which it was possible to cast a doubt. It was thought that, at a creation of Cardinals in 1826, Pope Leo had included *him* among what are called the “*Riservati in petto*.” It was so believed at the time; it was afterwards cherished by his friends as a pleasing recollection; and in the short Memoir of the deceased historian, which I published in 1854, it was modestly *suggested* as an occurrence which there was no reason to discredit. As a matter of simple *belief*, the thing was not of much importance; as a matter of *affectionate reminiscence*, it might at least have claimed some little forbearance. Even if founded on error, it but innocently supposed the Pope to have conferred an honour that is acknowledged to have been deserved. Cardinal Wiseman, however, could not allow the guide of his youth and the friend of his maturer years to enjoy this poor consideration. In his conversations with his friends and others, he declared that it was unfounded. Lingard, he said, except by a few admirers, had never been understood to be the person alluded to by Leo: it was to another that the general opinion had been turned; and to that other, and not to Lingard, the intentions of the pontiff were most probably directed.—Four years have since elapsed; but the feeling which dictated these remarks has not subsided: and he now comes forward to

repeat his objections in print; misrepresents what I have written on the subject; and charging me, by implication, with a fraud, if not with forgery, concludes by setting up the "wretched man," De Lamennais, in the place of the venerable Lingard!

What may be his real object in returning to the subject now, it is difficult to say. It is not to determine the doubtful point of Leo's intention,—for that intention, as his Eminence himself assures us, is utterly unknown: it is not to discuss a question of interesting curiosity,—for the very words of regret (p. 328) with which he introduces the inquiry prove that some deeper and less agreeable feeling is behind. What that feeling is, must remain a mystery: certain only it is, that the chapter on "the English Cardinalate" might have been omitted without any detriment to the work in which it appears, and, most assuredly, with a much greater appearance of good taste. Let us, however, consider, as briefly as may be possible, the sort of argument on which the Cardinal rests his several assertions.

I. His Eminence prepares for his assault on the intended or supposed honours of Dr. Lingard by directing an attack against me. In my Memoir of the historian I had related a conversation between the Pope and himself, which took place in 1825. The Pope, who was seeking to retain him in Rome, inquired whether "there was nothing that he could give him which would induce him" to remain. Lingard, in answer, pleaded the necessity of being in England for the completion of his History; and Leo, still anxious to have him near him, endeavoured to ascertain the probable period at which the termination of his literary work would set him free. This conversation, and especially the concluding inquiry, which pointed so distinctly to a *future* in the Pope's mind, bore so strongly on the point which Cardinal Wiseman was about to assail, that it became necessary, if possible, to destroy its force. Unfortunately for his Eminence, I had distinctly stated that I gave it on the authority of Lingard himself; and to accuse Lingard of falsehood was a proceeding that could hardly be deemed advisable. Another, however, and a more plausible expedient was at hand, namely, to insinuate a charge of fraud against *me*: to admit that, "if Dr. Lingard wrote it himself in a letter to a friend," it must be true; but then to pretend, in a note, that I had related it, not from the historian's own letter, *which alone I had cited*, but from Surtees's *History of Durham*, where it might "be fairly put down as legendary at the best" (*Recollections*, p. 332). Now I have no intention to complain of this proceeding, which is calculated only to expose the hopelessness of the writer's case: but I may, nevertheless, tell even Cardinal Wiseman that his insinuation is as unfounded as it is unjust; that I am not in the habit of citing one authority for my facts, while I borrow them in reality from another; and that, so far from my having been indebted to Surtees for the conversation in question, Surtees's work—will the reader believe it?—*does not contain one single syllable of the kind!**

* Surtees's work is in four volumes, folio. The first was published in 1816, the second in 1820, the third in 1823, and the fourth, which was posthumous, in 1840. Now it is evident that, of these, the last alone could, by any possibility, contain an account of a conversation, which professed to have taken place in 1825. However, not having the work here, I requested a friend, a few days ago, to examine it for me. He has done so. He has not only searched the fourth volume twice through, but has also gone over the other three; and he writes to me saying, that no such thing occurs in either of them. I have only to add, that I took my account of the conversation from an original letter, addressed by Dr. Lingard to Dr. Rock, and still, I believe, in the possession of that gentleman.

With this fact I might fairly dismiss the present subject. There is still, however, one circumstance of considerable importance connected with it; and to that circumstance I must briefly advert. The conversation, of which we have been speaking, was evidently of a very remarkable character. Dr. Gradwell, the Rector of the English College, *who was present and heard it*, made no secret of what had passed. He spoke of it publicly in Rome: he referred to it again, in connection with the report of the *Reservation*, in the following year; and it is, therefore, more than probable that Cardinal Wiseman heard of it at the time. But, if so, why does he now not only suppress it in his own work, but endeavour, by no very fair means, to discredit it in mine? Has it passed wholly and entirely from his memory? Possibly it has: but then, what becomes of the value of all his *Recollections*? How can we know when we have the full and truthful reminiscence, or only the partial and fanciful representation?*

II. From his insinuations against me, and his attempt to get rid of the conversation which I have described, Cardinal Wiseman proceeds to the main object of his attack,—the honours supposed to have been designed by Pope Leo for the historian of England. Having cited the passage in which I speak of the Pope's allocution, he goes on to argue, that "if Dr. Lingard was the person meant by the Pope on this occasion, he was truly and really created a Cardinal: and if so," he adds, "what prevented his proclamation?" Now it is to what immediately follows this inquiry that I solicit the reader's particular attention. I have said in my Memoir, that when Lingard received the report of the Pope's having alluded to him in the allocution, "his first anxiety was to avert the threatened dignity;" and to prove this anxiety, and with no reference whatever in my mind to the proclamation, I have inserted a portion of one of Lingard's own letters, in which he says that he has written to Testa, the Pope's private friend and secretary, who composed the allocution, telling him what he has heard, though he cannot believe it, and calling upon him, if there be any truth in the rumour, to employ his influence in averting the intended honour. And how does Cardinal Wiseman deal with this passage? That it was actually under his eye when he wrote, is evident from the few words which he has extracted, and marked as belonging to it. He knew, therefore, precisely what it contained: he knew that it was *Lingard himself*, who was *describing his own act*, and declaring *his own disbelief of the report*: and yet, concealing all this, he here talks of what "the *biography* goes on to say;" makes *me* the author of what he knows to have been written by *Lingard*; and then, with an appeal to "the delicate modesty and sensitive abhorrence of praise" which distinguished the historian, asks whether it is possible that he can have taken steps to prevent the proclamation, or that he can "at once have *taken to himself* this description of the reserved Cardinal?" (p. 333.) Now on such a proceeding as this, which, misrepresenting what it professes to cite, and insinuating what it

* Dr. Gradwell's reference to the conversation, in the following year, will be seen in an extract from one of his letters, which I shall have occasion to insert presently: his presence at the interview, and his public mention of what had passed, are thus attested by Lingard himself in a letter, of which the original is now before me, addressed to the publisher of his history, Mr. Mawman: "The Pope, in his allocution, mentioned some foreign writer for whom he designed the red hat; and the Romans have fixed on me, because they say that he told me he wished he could do something to induce me to remain in Rome. *Dr. Gradwell had told the story*, and it derived weight *from his having been present.*" Jan. 20th, 1827.

ventures not to assert, manifestly implies a charge of my having forged or falsified the letter which I have quoted as Lingard's, any comment must be needless. I leave it, therefore, to the reflections of the reader; and will merely add, that not only is the original of the letter in question now before me, and open to the inspection of any one who may wish to verify it; but, in point of fact, this is by no means the only instance of the historian's having spoken or written on the same subject, almost in the same terms. Take, for example, the following passage from the letter to Mawman, which I have already cited:—"I conceive," he says, "if there be any thing in the report, old Testa must know, as he is very intimate with the Pope, and composed his speech. *I have therefore written to him*, that I have heard of the report, and, if I did not think it ridiculous, I should find means to inform the Pope that such an appointment, in the present circumstances, would be very inexpedient. This may, I trust, put a stop to it, if there be any thing in it." Will his Eminence now venture to say either that Lingard did not "take steps to prevent it," or that what he wrote was not "consistent with his delicate modesty and sensitive abhorrence of praise"?

But, adds the Cardinal, the "reservation is a matter of the strictest secrecy, truly confined to the papal breast;" and "the idea of Monsignor Testa, or any one else about the Pope, presuming to decide whom he meant, and trying to divert him from his purpose, is a simple impossibility" (pp. 333, 334). In what this impossibility consists, however, his Eminence does not condescend to inform us; nor does he tell us by what law the Pontiff is forbidden to communicate his intentions to the friends and advisers by whom he is surrounded. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that the matter is invariably as secret as Cardinal Wiseman would have his readers believe, will he say that there were not a thousand ways, in which, without presuming to decide on the Pope's meaning, a man in the position of Testa could suggest motives calculated to divert him from a doubtful or suspected purpose? He was the private friend and secretary of the Pontiff; he habitually passed many of his evenings with him; he had been employed in carrying "messages and questions" from Leo to the historian, when the latter was in Rome;* and surely, in the intercourse thus established and maintained, a thousand opportunities would occur, on which, however indirectly, he could discharge the commission intrusted to him by his absent friend. Be this, however, as it may, it is at least certain that Lingard *believed* in the power of Testa to influence the Pope's mind; and that, under the impression of this belief, he requested him, should circumstances require it, to interfere in his behalf: and whether Testa did, or did not, comply with his request, that fact can have no possible bearing on the *only* assertion which I have made in the Memoir, namely, that the historian's "first anxiety was to avert the threatened dignity."†

* Lingard to Dr. Rock.

† There is one circumstance connected with this subject which deserves to be noticed. That Lingard wrote to Testa is certain; and it is no less certain that, if he was really deceived, either as to the nature or extent of the report concerning him, *Testa never undeceived him*. So late as November 1850, writing to his friend Mr. Coulson, who had sent him the *Globe* newspaper, he thus alludes to the subject: "Thanks for the paper. When I read your letter, I expected to find in it some allusion to the *fact of my having been made Cardinal in petto* by Leo XII. when he gave me the large gold medal, which you have seen,—a medal *given by etiquette only to Cardinals and Princes*; and of the attempts to dissuade him by Ventura and others. To my great satisfaction, I find that the writer in the *Globe* knew nothing of that." *From the original.*

Still, however, the question remains, "What prevented his proclamation?" Now, to a person who remembers his conversation with the Pope in 1825, the reply to this inquiry will not, perhaps, appear very difficult. It is evident, that when the Pontiff proposed to give him something that should detain him in Rome, and sought to ascertain the period when the obstacle to this arrangement should be removed, his mind was contemplating some prospective act which should bring the historian into closer intercourse with him; and what could be more natural than that he should take the opportunity, presented in one of his first consistories afterwards, to raise him to the dignity in question, and defer its proclamation until the time for calling him to Rome should have arrived? O, but, says his Eminence, the Pope "lived more than two years afterwards," and still no proclamation was made. True; but neither was the History finished, nor the necessity of remaining in England removed: and, with regard to the mysterious term of "two years," which is here so confidently put forward, Cardinal Wiseman *knew*, when he raised the objection, that an equal, if not a longer, period not unfrequently intervenes between the creation and the proclamation. Why, only a few pages further on, in the very same volume, he himself tells us of Cardinal Acton, that "he was proclaimed January 24th, 1842, *having been created nearly THREE years previous*" (p. 478).

III. A few words will, I hope, dispose of the only remaining question between the Cardinal and myself,—Was Lingard or De Lamennais the person "generally understood in Rome" to have been designated in the Pope's allocution? *I* have said that it was the former: *his Eminence* asserts that it was the latter; and by way of rendering this assertion probable, he endeavours, in a note, to show that, "at the period in question, the name of Lingard was known only to higher scholars" (p. 335). The process by which this is sought to be accomplished is singular. Early in the year 1820, a petition from the Bishops in England had been forwarded to Rome, requesting the Pope to confer on Mr. Gradwell, then Rector of the English College, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Gradwell, however, objected, and the thing was "stopped;" but, in the following year, "the instance was repeated;" and the Rector, unable to prolong his resistance, yet anxious, as he expresses it, to have "some of his betters served first," presented petitions setting forth the superior merits of Lingard, Archer, and Fletcher; and then, having obtained the honour in question for *them*, asked a similar distinction for himself (*Gradwell to Butler, Aug. 10th, 1821, Original*). This, the reader will remember, was in August 1821; and so, because in the year 1821, and under these special circumstances, Gradwell thought it right to lay before the Pope a formal statement of the merits of the several candidates for an academical honour, *therefore*, argues the Cardinal, in the year 1826 (when two of its most important volumes had been added to the History, and the Pope himself was about to order a translation of it to be printed at the Propaganda press), Lingard's writings were generally unheard of, and his "name known only to higher scholars!" Nor is this all. Even if the reputation of the historian had never reached beyond those "higher scholars," and those friends among whom he "was known and appreciated" (*Recollect. ib.*), one might surely have thought that the opinion of such men—the very persons best qualified to judge—might be fairly described as what "was generally understood in Rome." But the fact, as regards any limitation of his fame, was not so. The name and the merits of Lingard were not shut up within the one "circle" to which his Eminence would confine them. They were heard of elsewhere. They were "known and appre-

ciated" in the general society of Rome, as well as in the private "circle" of his friends; and it was not uncommon to hear the writings of the historian referred to, as one of the leading causes of the improved, and *then* improving, feeling in England on the subject of religion. Can his Eminence be ignorant of what he must have seen in my Memoir,—that Dr. Gradwell, writing in the spring of 1825, some eighteen months before the Pope's allocution, says to Lingard: "*Your History is much spoken of in Rome, as one of the great causes which have wrought such a change in public sentiment, in England, on Catholic matters*" (Memoir, p. 30, second edition). This, as I have said, was written in April 1825. In the summer of the same year, Lingard himself was in Rome, received and honoured by the Pope; and yet we are to believe that, in 1826, his writings and his name were comparatively unknown.

Passing over the attempt to exhibit Dr. Gradwell as the originator, and afterwards the sole propagator, of the report respecting Lingard,—an attempt on which I forbear to remark,—we arrive at the passage in which the Cardinal sets forth the claims of De Lamennais to be regarded as the chosen object of the Pope's reservation. He had visited Rome, says his Eminence, in 1824, and "was then in all the splendour of his genius;" he had "undauntedly assaulted the flying rear of the great revolution by his splendid *Traité sur l'Indifférence en matière de Religion*;" and "he had *next* endeavoured to beat back a kingly Gallicanism, by a treatise, less popular indeed, but full of historical research and clearness of reasoning,—*La Doctrine de l'Eglise sur l'Institution des Evêques*. It was to this work," adds the writer, "that Pope Leo was considered to allude" (p. 336). Now, if the value of this concluding assertion is to be measured by that of the two or three sentences which immediately precede and follow it, I am afraid that it will have small chance of being received as an authority in the world. Why, of the very book to which he supposes the Pontiff to have alluded, he actually mistakes even the name, and is evidently unacquainted with the time of its publication! He speaks of it as *following* the *Essai* (which he calls the *Traité*) *sur l'Indifférence*, though it *preceded* the *first* volume of that publication by at least *four years*! He tells us that it was called *La Doctrine de l'Eglise*, &c., whereas its real title was *La Tradition de l'Eglise*, &c.! Finally, he says that the allocution "was thought to refer to this work with sufficient point,"—in other words, that the work answered to the description of having "delighted and astonished Europe;" and yet we know from the Abbé Rohrbacher, the friend and fellow-labourer of De Lamennais during the better part of his career, that, until the publication of the *Essai sur l'Indifférence*, in 1818, the author was "scarcely known" (*à peine connu*) even in his own country, and that the reputation of himself and his writings was established solely on that work (*Hist. Univ. de l'Eglise*, tom. xxviii. p. 276, Liège, 1849). The truth is, there were doubtless some enthusiasts in Rome, in the year 1826, who sought to set up De Lamennais as the subject of the Pope's allusion. Dazzled by the splendour of their idol, they could discern no other object. Their ears were open only to *his* praises; their perceptions to *his* merits: and when they found that a philosophical work like the more recent *Essai* would scarcely answer the Pope's description, it is not impossible that they may have disinterred the *Tradition*, a work at that time of doubtful origin; and so appealed to a publication which had then slumbered for more than twelve years, and is still, with all its acknowledged merits, so uncommon, that even Cardinal Wiseman cannot describe it by its real title! But then, is this a work that can be said to have "delighted and astonished Europe?" Or

can the fervid imaginings of a few visionary minds be taken as the index to what was "generally understood in Rome?"*

It now only remains for me to place before the reader the evidence on which the statement of the Memoir is founded. In discussing the preceding topics, I have not forgotten that, in one instance at least, I have had to deal with what is called a personal Recollection: but it is the recollection, after all, of one who, at the period to which it refers, was still a young man, lately emerged from his studies; who, new at least, if not a stranger, to the society of Rome, possessed but very limited means of information, and who is now writing at a distance of more than thirty years from the time and the events which he describes. Under these circumstances, then, there is no disrespect in saying that Cardinal Wiseman is in error. He heard the voice of the few, and mistook it for that of the many. He *thought* that De Lamennais was the object of Leo's consideration; and he did not know that other and better evidence could be supplied in favour of Lingard. That evidence, however, is found in the correspondence of one who, above the reach of suspicion in what he relates, was in a situation to know and to judge of all that passed around him. Dr. Gradwell was the Rector of the English College. He was, moreover, the agent of the English Bishops; familiar with the best society; in frequent intercourse with the Pope, or those about him; and, from duty as well as from position, acquainted with the leading topics and views and opinions of the day. Of his attention to these matters, and of his clear unbiassed judgments of what came under his notice, his correspondence, and, above all (so I am told), that *Diary* to which the Cardinal sometimes refers in his volume, will afford no unimportant evidence. Take, then, the following extract from one of his letters addressed to Lingard: and let the reader remember that he is not speaking there "as from his own conjecture;" that he is not giving his own "interpretation" of the Pope's speech; but that he is telling of what he saw and heard,—the conversation and the opinions of the world around him. The letter, which is now before me, is dated Rome, November 11th, 1826, in the midst of the very events which it describes:

"Rome, 11th November 1826.

Dear Sir,— About a month ago the Pope held a Consistory, in which he made the Nuncios of Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, and Moscow Cardinals, besides eleven *Riservati in petto*. Who these eleven are is a profound secret, though it is nearly certain that Monsignor Nicolai is one. In his allocution, which has not been printed, his Holiness said (I speak from the report of Cardinal Zurla), that one of the *Riservati in petto* was a man of great talents,—a most accomplished scholar, whose writings, drawn *ex authenticis fontibus*, had not only rendered great service to religion, but had delighted and astonished Europe. At first, it was supposed to be Monsignor Mai or Marchetti; *some bigots thought Lamennais, though the last has almost surfeited Rome*. The report *most prevalent at Rome*, at present, is, that the Pope had the Historian of England in his eye; and this is considered the

* The Cardinal says that the work in question has been attributed to Jean Marie de Lamennais, brother to Félicité de Lamennais, the writer mentioned above. It is known, however, to have been *the joint production of the two*, when they were residing together at Brioux. It was commenced in 1808, and finished towards the end of 1813,—the brothers hiding the sheets as they proceeded, lest they should fall into the hands of Napoleon's police. *Rohrbacher*, xxviii. 224, 228.

more probable, as it is known that the Pope has a very great esteem for him, often speaks of him, and told him, last year, that he wished he resided in Rome. This was one of the topics at Torlonia's table, last Wednesday. Baron Ancajani, the Pope's nearest relation, was one of the party. They asked me what I thought. I answered, that I had no doubt of your deserving the honour; but that such a promotion would be received with less rapture by the Historian than by any one of the four Nuncios. . . . —I have the honour to remain, dear sir, your affectionate and devoted friend,

ROBERT GRADWELL."

One word more, before I dismiss this subject, I trust for ever. It is undoubtedly painful to have been assailed, and that too by a person whose mission is generally thought to be a mission of peace; but it is not less painful to have been compelled thus to enter on a public defence, and to expose the utter groundlessness of the charges that have been made or insinuated against me. Still, that defence was a duty which I owed to my own character, no less than to the cherished memory of the great historian, who is no more; and I only hope that, in discharging that duty, I have said nothing unnecessary for my vindication, nothing that can be justly regarded as offensive or improper. To Cardinal Wiseman, in his spiritual capacity, I hope I shall always manifest that respectful deference which is due to his exalted position. But the Cardinal-Archbishop is one thing, the public writer or lecturer is another. The former, moving in the sphere and surrounded by the legitimate attributes of his authority, may justly claim our respectful regards; the latter, entering the common lists, and prepared to maintain his challenge "against all comers," waves every distinction of rank or place, and meets us as an equal, on an equal field. His talents may be more brilliant, his reputation more extended, his prowess more renowned; but he has come down from the sanctuary, he has laid aside the purple, he has assumed the arms of the champion, and the bearing of the assailant; and the contest, therefore, which he has himself provoked, must be conducted on the principles, and decided only by the ordinary rules, of literary warfare.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

M. A. TIERNEY.

Arundel, May 1st, 1858.

